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The Week

AS THE farmers' strike flares up into sporadic disturbance—without apparently interrupting appreciably the movement of produce to markets—the President is sending out Secretary Wallace and General Johnson in an attempt to allay the discontent by telling the farmers what is being done for them. What can these emissaries say? The farmers are interested in narrowing the spread between the prices they receive on the one hand, and the prices and debts they have to pay on the other. Secretary Wallace can truthfully say, in our opinion, that the agitation for the arbitrary fixing of higher crop prices cannot be successful; these prices will be determined by supply and demand. He can say that the present program of the Agricultural Administration is a much better means of restricting supply than the elaborate compulsion which the Holiday Association and the agricultural governors proposed, and that it is already bringing results. General Johnson can say that what the N.R.A. has done about raising minimum wages and enlarging employment is necessary to increase demand. He cannot say, however, that this activity has increased demand as it should, because nothing effective has been done to keep down the prices of processed agricultural and industrial products which the workers buy. He cannot say that he has done anything to curb the prices of these same things for the benefit of the farmers. Nobody can assert that employment has been much stimulated in the heavy industries, either by public or by private investment. Nor can anybody argue that much has been accomplished in cutting down the farmers' debt. The administration can claim credit for half of a good program, but half is not enough.

THERE remains no doubt that with thirty-three states already on record against prohibition, and six more voting on the question as we go to press, the requisite thirty-six will be listed to repeal the Amendment. After its first orgy of jubilation, the country will have to settle down to the sober fact that the problems arising from our unhappy experiment are not settled. In hope of revenue from high taxation, rates either are, or are likely to be, imposed which will keep a large part of the liquor flowing through illegal channels. This will at once deprive the national and state governments of the expected revenue and keep alive the old issues of bootlegging, racketeering, speakeasies and political corruption. It is difficult enough to regulate any privately owned industry, and doubly difficult to regulate one with such a bad history as this. Great financial interests, prepared to oversupply the potential demand, are certain in their competitive warfare to reëstablish connections with all the underworld elements which have had such a firm grip on distribution. There is, in our opinion, but one solution—complete governmental monopoly of distribution, operated not with the purpose of obtaining revenue from high prices, but in order to supply the public with goods of high quality at as low a price as possible. Only this can take corruption out of the liquor trade. And it will not facilitate overindulgence any more than the illegal system which will survive without it. In countries where good liquor is obtainable cheaply, drunkenness is not usually a serious problem.

EVERY time there is an important election, The Literary Digest takes a straw vote, and every time it takes a straw vote, there arises a lot of discussion concerning the accuracy of the poll in indicating the preferences of the voters. This discussion is usually

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stimulated by the losing side, which fears the effect of the poll announcements on its own adherents, and on the action of citizens in general who may want to climb on the band wagon. When the official ballots are counted, however, the Digest polls are almost invariably proved to be closer to the truth than even their strongest adherents had anticipated. This is not surprising to statisticians who have had experience with the sampling method. Even a small sample, if well chosen, is likely to indicate with amazing accuracy the composition of the mass being tested. About the only legitimate question concerns the adequacy of the sampling method used. In the case of the New York City election, The Digest did not even select a sample for the mailing of its ballots, but sent them to every registered voter. The responses came from about a quarter of the electorate. Unless a great many voters changed their minds after the active campaign began—something that does not happen nearly so frequently or to so large an extent as has commonly been supposed—it was a foregone conclusion that LaGuardia would be elected, with McKee a not very close second, and O'Brien an extremely poor third. The election will be held between the time this paragraph is written and the time it reaches our readers. If it does not bear out this prediction, we shall be satisfied that the inaccuracy lies, not in the straw poll but in the election itself. Only wholesale machine deals or frauds could upset substantially the percentages indicated by a straw poll of this magnitude and decisiveness.

THE Berlin correspondent of The London Times has incurred the disfavor of the Nazis by reporting to his paper that many Germans are afraid to vote against the government in the election which is supposed to determine whether the people support its present armament policy. We take the following truths to be self-evident: (1) that there would be an overwhelming vote in favor of any German government on the question of equality of armament, without any fear or compulsion; (2) that a large number of Germans would be afraid to vote against the present government on any issue, whether they disagreed with it or not; (3) the Germans have been so thoroughly propagandized and regimented, and so completely cut off from criticism both at home and abroad, that the government could now obtain a majority in favor of anything whatsoever that it might propose. The election, therefore, is bound to be a farce in any case. It is unnecessary to determine what the Germans think about the present issue, because every sensible person knows what they think. On the other hand, if they did disagree with Hitler on this issue, the election would not show it. What could be more absurd than for a dictator who has always despised democracy and has gone to extreme lengths in order to kill it to conduct a plebiscite in order to show that the people support him?

IN PARALLEL columns of The New York Times on Sunday, November 5, there are two interpretative news articles. One, from Washington, states that "Henry Ford is in the fold," that he is really complying with the N.R.A. and that he has not even violated the collective-bargaining provisions of Section 7a, because "the managers of the Chester (Pennsylvania) plant, where a strike was in progress, had actually received workers' representatives and had transmitted their demands to Detroit." The other, from Detroit, states that Henry Ford "has become the bright and shining knight of the motor capital" because of his defiance of the N.R.A., the motor manufacturers in general being at odds with the collective-bargaining clause of the code. The advance of the industry, they contend, would have been impossible "under union organization." Chester M. Culver, manager of the Employers' Association, is quoted as saying they believe that the government has no right "to compel industry to comply with the provisions of the 7a clause requirements." The administration clearly does not want to fight Ford, and Ford will fight before he consents to the effective unionization of his employees, even if they want to bargain through a union. As long as the administration is willing to adopt such a meaningless interpretation of the law as that its requirements are satisfied if local managers interview strikers' representatives and transmit their requests to Detroit, Henry Ford will not have to abandon his opposition to unions. According to this definition, labor could carry on bargaining by telephone, with nobody at the other end.

THE newspaper publishers are raising a terrific row about freedom of the press. They object to signing a code for their industry, it appears, because under the Recovery Act a licensing system can be installed in any industry, and licenses can be taken away from those who disobey the code. Suppose, say the publishers, the government installs a licensing system for the newspapers and then takes away a paper's license because it does not like what the paper prints. The New Republic is an unwavering adherent of freedom for the press, but it would be more alarmed by these fears if it did not know that what really bothers the publishers is not any such remote eventuality, but their reluctance to recognize and deal with unions of their employees, to abolish child labor, to reduce hours and increase wages. The real danger seems to be that the newspapers will object to living up to such requirements, on the plea that any attempt to make them do so is an interference with "freedom of the press." We should also be more impressed by the stand of the newspapers if more of them made use of their present freedom to attack those economic powers which are always trying to govern the nation in their own interest. The row, under the present circumstances, seems to us a cloud of dust kicked up to obscure the reluctance of the publishers to be regulated as money-making business enterprises.

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PRESIDENT Roosevelt called a miner by his first name, shook hands with him and his seven companions, smiled his most affable smile, promised a "square deal," and presto! a dove of peace flew out of a silk hat and settled upon the recently strife-torn coal fields of western Pennsylvania. The strike in that region has been on for ten weeks. It was weakened when, early in October, some 50,000 commercial mine workers were sent back to work by union district officials, leaving exposed the 28,000 workers of captive mines, mostly employed by the H. C. Frick Coal and Coke Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation. They decided to remain out, according to their rank-and-file leader, Martin Ryan, "as a reminder to the President that he failed to use the 'big stick' as was expected of him." This was an embarrassing reminder; something had to be done about it. The operators were called to Washington. Then a committee of workers, including Martin Ryan, was dispatched to the capital. They were taken in General Johnson's own limousine to the White House. "Hello boys," said the President, "where is Marty Ryan?" The President gripped his hand. On instructions of the committe the miners voted, on November 4, to go back to work. This return marks only a tentative victory for the administration and a partial defeat for labor. These same miners suffered a defeat in 1922 which they have never forgotten or forgiven. They will neither forget nor forgive the 1933 defeat, if their hopes are not realized, nor will they wait eleven years for the next outburst. The seeds of the next strike are well planted. It will not take them long to come to the surface.

THE strikers had but one demand—full recognition of the United Mine Workers' Union, by which they meant:

1. Recognition of local grievance committees.
2. Company check-off of union dues.
3. Checkweighmen appointed by the locals.

These terms have not been granted. Instead, the operators have agreed to abide by the same "hours, wages and conditions" as those which prevail in unionized mines, with definite restrictions upon collective bargaining and the check-off. Members of the U. M. W. are eligible as bargainers *if elected,* but the same recognition is extended to members of *any* labor organization or to non-members, under the same terms. Minority representation is also provided for, though the President and General Johnson say there cannot be two contracts in the same mine. The check-off is conceded only when individual assignments are made. "This," explains The Iron Age, "is quite different from the accepted definition of the check-off as a horizontal shaving of the pay roll, without individual authorization, in favor of the United Mine Workers' Union." A statement posted at the Frick mines reads in part:

> The management at each mine will continue to meet and discuss matters with representatives elected under the employees' representative plan [company union] the same as before.

Martin Ryan refused to hold a meeting in the Uniontown courthouse offered for the purpose by Sheriff Hackney, because he did not want to be "under obligation to any man who sends his henchmen out to shoot our people down and trample them in the mud on the picket line." He objected with equal emphasis to the Sheriff's offer to supply deputies as a safeguard against disorder when the men return to work. "When we say we'll play ball with the President and go back," shouted Ryan, "we mean it. We don't need any cowardly deputies to protect us while we're doing it." Can the miners trust the steel bosses not to undermine their union? We doubt it.

WE HAVE rarely seen a statement by an organization of business men which seemed to argue familiarity with economic scholarship, but for sheer reckless ignorance, the resolution on the gold standard recently passed by the New York State Chamber of Commerce takes the brown derby. Monetary theory is something on which even the best of economists are shaky, but the cap and bells of the "practical men" do not hesitate to rush in here, where even the archangels fear to tread. They want to go back immediately to the gold standard, and to go back, apparently, at the old valuation of the dollar. The chances are that not one in a hundred of those who voted for this resolution has the slightest idea of what, concretely, such action would mean; the business men are, as usual, merely hypnotized and befogged by symbolic phrases such as "sound money" and "inflation." Not one in a hundred of them ever exchanged any money for gold, except in the form of a wedding ring or twenty-dollar gold pieces to give away at Christmas. They do not really care what the gold value of a dollar is, or whether the government will redeem its money in a certain number of grains. If you asked them whether they wanted commodity prices now to fall, or to rise some more, they would strongly favor rising prices. Yet they solemnly pass a resolution which, if it means anything at all, means a vote for a sudden reduction in commodity prices ranging from 20 to 30 percent! Such a consequence might not follow, to be sure, but if it did not, there is no point in the resolution anyway.

ONE of the most hopeful steps the administration has yet taken towards recovery is the setting up of a Delaware corporation empowered to proceed with low-cost housing. According to two of its incorporators, Secretaries Perkins and Ickes, the purpose of the administration is to rebuild, as rapidly as possible, slum areas throughout the country. The corporation can purchase land where it wishes, and if necessary obtain land by right of eminent domain.

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It can fix rents for the dwellings and apartment houses it erects entirely on the basis of actual costs, which means that its rents can be far lower than those of private speculative builders. Some two years ago, a committee appointed by President Hoover reported that fully 70 percent of our present housing is below modern standards of decency. In the creation of new housing, there is an almost endless opportunity to create employment, swell the volume of purchasing power and add in a vital respect to our national wealth. However, the scheme is still only on paper, and private owners of real estate are yet to be heard from. It will require all the courage and aggressiveness which Secretary Ickes and the Public Works Administration officials possess if it is to be carried into action on a great scale.

All Power to the Trade Associations?

MR. GERARD SWOPE'S proposal to organize a gigantic central ruling body for business, which will center administratively about the United States Chamber of Commerce, will have the National Industrial Conference Board for its statistical agency, will carry on the work of altering and policing the codes, and will push industrial standardization, is not a shrewd trick or a sudden inspiration. This is the type of industrial planning which Mr. Swope and Mr. Henry I. Harriman, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, have long been advocating. It differs from the suggestions made by these and other business men when testifying before Senator La Follette's committee long before Mr. Roosevelt was elected, only to the extent of further elaboration. Business men who favor industrial government rather than unrestricted competition and laissez-faire have long been pushing this sort of thing and are likely to continue to do so. Men like Mr. Swope and Mr. Harriman are undoubtedly sincere in believing that such measures would materially improve the economic order.

The objections made to these suggestions at the time they were first offered are, however, still valid, and have been confirmed by subsequent experience. Let us list the more important.

1. "Self-government by industry" as here pictured regards industry as merely the owners or executives. There is no formal place for labor in this suggested constitution, and many of the executives concerned are opposed to unions and will fight them to the last ditch.

2. Industry governed by profit-seeking producers is certain to seek gains at the expense of consumers. The only protection of the consumer, under a profit system, has been the fact that industry was not governed and codified, *i. e.,* that competition tended, at least, to lower prices and improve products. Once you abandon competition to any significant degree, once you permit such things as central control of output and price fixation, the deciding voice on these matters ought to rest with an authority representing consumers. There is a good deal of evidence that even stringent governmental regulation of profit-seeking monopoly is ineffective, that nothing less than full public ownership will suffice. Stringent regulation is the very least condition, however, under which it is safe to allow monopolistic practices, and this can be allowed only tentatively, to see how it works. Yet, under this scheme of "industrial self-government," there is conceded only a vague representation of the government on the private boards. Even assuming, as General Johnson says, that a body like the N.R.A. would still have final veto power, that would be far from sufficient. The government must have power to initiate policies, to collect information directly, to supervise accounting.

3. This proposal builds industrial control about the trade association, and means freezing this as the approved type of organization for every industry. Yet the trade association, given exemption from the anti-trust laws and given the police power to enforce its decisions, becomes essentially a cartel, with all the faults of that type of organization. Cartels are likely to seek restriction of output; while this may be a temporary necessity in certain cases, to restrict output in all industries as a permanent policy is to stabilize poverty. Increased general output is necessary for full employment and for a higher standard of living. Cartels tend to maintain prices instead of allowing them to be flexible. Since cartels are composed of all units in an industry, inefficient and efficient alike, and since they have no power or inclination to put any unit out of business, they usually fix prices to provide a profit for the least efficient, thus preventing the gains of efficiency from being passed on to the consumer and providing exorbitant profits for the more efficient.

4. The political power of employers so organized, and without any adequate balance from the organization of the masses of the population either as workers or as consumers, would be so great as to exercise a dominating control over government itself and so both to nullify any government regulation and to prevent a change to a different type of economic organization.

People who call this sort of thing "fascism" are not using a mere emotional epithet or giving vent to unwarranted prejudice against the ability or public spirit of business men. This type of control is exactly what Mussolini means by "the corporate state"—though with a considerably larger formal place both for labor and for the government than the business men's plan allows. Capitalism under competition had grave faults. Capitalism in the limbo between competition and monopoly, which it has recently occupied, is completely unworkable so far as the welfare of the masses is concerned, except for brief periods. But capitalistic monopoly, endowed with the police power of the state, and unchecked except in slight degree and by a state over which it would itself exercise control, would be wholly insupportable.

In spite of our unqualified opposition to this suggestion, we are glad that it has come out into the open for people to see and analyze. It means essen-

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tially, as commentators have been quick to understand, turning over the United States of America to the United States Chamber of Commerce. But the point of the lesson will be lost if we contrast the new suggestion with the N.R.A. as at present constituted, and assume that by keeping the N.R.A. intact we have avoided the danger. It is to be taken for granted that neither the President nor Congress will accept Mr. Swope's idea. Nevertheless organized business has been trying to do essentially the same sort of thing within the N.R.A. organization. It has resisted any enhancement of labor's power, and has become increasingly restive as attempts to shorten hours, increase wages or establish collective bargaining have made progress—though that progress so far is strictly limited. It has blockaded the consumers' representatives, and has inserted into the codes all sorts of price-raising and output-restricting provisions. Trade associations are frankly looked upon as the administrative and policing agencies of the codes. Just as the slogan of the Bolsheviks was "all power to the Soviets," the unspoken slogan of business under the N.R.A. has been "all power to the trade associations." It is significant indeed that General Johnson himself pronounces the Swope scheme the sort of ideal toward which the N.R.A. should work.

The N.R.A. is better than the Swope plan only because there are potentialities in it which have not been, but may be, realized. The law gives the government extraordinary powers to do economic planning, to protect labor and consumers, to install and supervise accounting, to alter, impose and police codes. A number of influential persons in the government, both inside the N.R.A. and outside it, are fully aware of the danger of some of the present tendencies and are eager to use the legal powers more effectively in behalf of the whole public. Business men have sensed this threat to their desire for supremacy and are eager to check it. If they could dismantle the N.R.A., they could squelch the possibility of more effective government control. This largely accounts for the recent outcry of business representatives against the administration. The Swope plan brings their ambitions into the open, but in any case these same ambitions will lead to an intensification of the struggle within the present machinery. The President could, if he wished, dramatize the issues and gain widespread popular support in a genuine effort to discipline business in the interest of the public. If he is to make the essential modifications in our economic system, however, he must begin by being clear that if industry is to be governed rather than left in a state of destructive anarchy, it must be governed by government and not by business. And he must also understand that government, if it is to do this job, must rest on the active support of the masses of producers and consumers rather than on a privileged minority. "Industrial self-government" will be all very well if we define industry as the people who work in it and consume its products.

Take the New Deal to Court!

ONE OF the deepest weaknesses of the administration in Washington, ever since the Agricultural Act and the Recovery Act went into effect, has arisen from its fears that these laws, or parts of them, would be declared unconstitutional if allowed to be tested in the courts. Advice not to allow a test if it could possibly be avoided was sincerely given and was accepted by many of the legal authorities in the government. One reason for this advice was fear of what the courts might do. Another was the feeling that if the Acts worked, their chance of being upheld would be much better, while if they did not work, we should not care whether they were upheld or not.

What this advice overlooked was that the intention to avoid a test in the courts would militate against the success of the Acts. It made administrative officials timid in proposing any measure that might be resisted. It prevented attempts at coercion of the early offenders. It made the administration's threats of possible coercion seem like insubstantial bluffs. And the more the hostile business men have felt they could gain by protesting and resisting, the more they have protested and resisted. The first few violations, made with impunity, have gone to seed and sown a rich crop of other violations, which in turn help to discredit the law and its administration. The result is a rising wave of protest against the New Deal, in part spontaneous and in part organized by interested parties, which will make it easier for any judges who are inclined to invalidate the legislation. Some of this protest would undoubtedly have arisen in any case, but if the administration had been more firm and more prompt in dealing with dissenters, if it had recognized from the beginning the necessity of using at least some compulsion, its present situation would have been immeasurably better. It would have had more, rather than less, popular support.

Even yet it may not be too late to repair the mistake. The article by Professor Thurman Arnold of the Yale Law School in this issue of The New Republic indicates that legal logic lies pretty heavily on the side of the new legislation. Professor Arnold does not, indeed, speculate on what the judges will want to do, and whether they will not find loopholes, if they do wish to invalidate the laws. It should be noted well, however, that his article is based not merely on academic study but also on practical experience in defense of the law. Mr. Arnold was called in to help the Agricultural Adjustment Administration in the case of Henry Wallace vs. Calistan Packers, brought by the government in the northern district of California, to prevent the defendant from packing and shipping more than his allotment of peaches, under a licensing system. The federal court, before which he appeared as counsel for the government, granted the injunction, sustained the constitutionality of the act, held that it

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was not an improper delegation of powers to the Secretary of Agriculture, found that a national emergency had affected transactions in agricultural commodities with a public interest, and decided that by reason of this fact prices could be regulated and production restricted. There will be no appeal.

In two other cases a federal judge has ruled in favor of the law. These were two milk cases—The Economy Dairy Company, Inc., vs. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, and Beck vs. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture. One of these cases dealt with interstate commerce, the other with *intrastate* commerce. They were decided together, in a brief but cogent opinion by Justice Daniel W. O'Donoghue of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. The opinion reads:

> The Court finds that a national emergency exists and that the welfare of the people and the very existence of the government itself are in peril.
>
> The day has passed when absolute vested rights in contract or property are to be regarded as sacrosanct or above the law.
>
> Neither the necessities of life nor commodities affected with a public interest can any longer be left to ruthless competition or selfish greed for their production or distribution.
>
> The Court finds that the Agricultural Act, passed by Congress May 12, 1933, is constitutional and that the regulations and licenses promulgated and issued thereunder are reasonable and valid.

There are no weasel words there; and yet Justice O'Donoghue was a Republican!

In still another case, Southport Petroleum vs. Ickes, Secretary of the Interior, the judge, although not called upon to pass on the constitutionality of the Recovery Act, went out of his way to say that it was constitutional.

All the precedents so far are favorable. Whether judges in December will be as quick to uphold the laws as judges were in August and September may be questioned. But certainly it would be fatal for the administration to allow timidity to rule its action any longer.

A Currency War?

FOR THE last seven days the United States government, acting through the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, has been purchasing gold abroad in an attempt to depress the dollar in terms of the pound and franc. In appearance, we are finally face to face with the much-discussed, long threatened international currency war. Such a war is at least possible unless the United States and Great Britain, the two great world traders, can very soon come together in an agreement for the joint management of the dollar and pound. What are the prospects for such an agreement?

As it happened, when Mr. Roosevelt last week announced his foreign gold-buying policy, the British Treasury's currency expert, Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, was in Washington as a member of the futile British war-debt mission. Mr. Roosevelt's proposed program was carefully explained to Sir Frederick Leith-Ross and, after consultation with his government, he assured our Treasury officials that England would no nothing to interfere with Mr. Roosevelt's plans. But this is no real agreement at all.

The announcement of Mr. Roosevelt's program has put England in a sharp dilemma. For almost a year, England has had an agreement with France by which the pound has been kept relatively stable in terms of the franc. If this agreement is maintained, and Mr. Roosevelt should proceed to drive the dollar downwards, the pound would rise above $4.86. For a variety of reasons, one of which is that the figure $4.86 has in itself a kind of magical value, the British would be loath to see this happen. On the other hand, if the pound is cut loose from the franc, and driven down along with the dollar, France may soon be pushed off the gold standard.

The Bank of England, hoping before long to lure England itself back to gold orthodoxy, does not want France to leave gold. The possibility that it may is constantly in official British thoughts. However, the final decision of whether France stays on or leaves gold does not lie in the hands of the Bank of England, or of the British government or even of the British and French governments together. The ultimate decision will be made by the international-currency speculators and by the owners of "nervous" capital. If they decide to sell francs, France will go off the gold standard. This is something which it is very important to keep in mind. In the present juncture, no central bank except that of Soviet Russia is wholly master of the situation confronting it—not even the Bank of England with its huge equalization fund—nor wholly free to act as it thinks wise.

Mr. Roosevelt can drive down the dollar's exchange value only by selling dollars and buying pounds and francs. All sales of dollars against francs create claims on France's gold. This fact, and the circumstance that the operations of the Federal Reserve Bank will necessarily be secret, together with probable difficulties of balancing the French budget and the very tangible fears of a war with Hitler's Germany, all are likely to serve as ammunition for speculative bear raids on the franc. Thus, even if Great Britain decides to aid the franc by maintaining the present rate of the pound, France may still be forced off gold.

After the United States, France has the greatest hoard of gold in the world, approximately 3,175 million pre-Roosevelt dollars. For the last eight consecutive weeks, the Banque de France has been forced to give up gold in increasing amounts, in all about $49 million, pre-Roosevelt. This is not a very large sum, but it can be counted as certain that France will not permit a great loss before it goes off gold. As the experience of Germany and England in 1931 proved, once a real flight from a currency begins, it increases in a snowball ratio. The

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best thing for a country to do in such circumstances is to leave gold at once and conserve its gold assets. The French Treasury today has tax receipts in sight to carry on with until about February, 1934. That month will be a time of great strain and is a likely date for France to depart from the gold standard.

This uncertainty about France's ability to remain on gold is perhaps the most vital factor in the present currency situation. Because of it, the freedom of action of the British Treasury is greatly restricted, or at least the British Treasury thinks it is. The uncertainty about the franc makes it unlikely that, in the immediate future, the British either will come to an agreement with Mr. Roosevelt or, on the other hand, engage in any cutthroat rivalry with the dollar. The British government's foremost concern, just now, is with France. It will not depress the pound in terms of the franc very far or rapidly, no matter what we do with the dollar. If need be, the British will reluctantly permit the dollar to cross the $4.86 mark.

Even if the British for the next few months pursue a policy of indifference toward the dollar, they will not permit Mr. Roosevelt permanently to depress the dollar in terms of the pound. A depreciated dollar, in the popular British opinion, would mean disaster for their export trade. In fact this is by no means necessarily true. Experience has shown that a depreciated exchange does not necessarily stimulate the exports of the depreciating country. But suppose Mr. Roosevelt succeeds. He has announced that his sole purpose in driving down the dollar is to raise our domestic price level, and his sincerity cannot be questioned. If Mr. Roosevelt should be able to bring about a material increase in our price level, by whatever means, the British would probably be gainers, not losers. To take arbitrary figures, suppose our domestic price level is increased by 20 percent, while simultaneously the exchange dollar falls by only 10 percent. In such a case, the average cost of American goods in foreign currencies would be increased by 8 percent, and British exporters would have an 8-percent advantage over their American competitors, even though at the same time the exchange value of the pound rose to around $5.35.

It is likewise the fact that the amount of British foreign trade which can be possibly affected by a depreciated dollar is relatively small. With conspicuous foresight, the British have concluded what are virtually barter agreements with Argentina, Germany and the Scandinavian countries. These countries now are obligated to buy British goods regardless of price, currency fluctuations or anything else. Similarly, by means of the Ottawa treaties, the British have obtained unassailable markets throughout their Empire. Nevertheless, the supposed necessity of a cheap pound has become a fixed political issue in England. No government agreeing to a high rate for the pound as against the dollar could face the wrath of English business.

It is evident, consequently, that an understanding between Mr. Roosevelt and the British for joint control of the dollar and pound presents many difficulties. Mr. Roosevelt has already begun the manipulation of the dollar abroad, and while we are very anxious to come to an agreement with England, we want the agreement at once. On the other hand, the British are hesitant to make any commitments while France's grip on the gold standard remains doubtful. Perhaps more serious is the dollar-pound ratio. The British profess to be dissatisfied with even the rate of $4.86, which they call "unnatural." For reasons of home politics, British negotiators would be forced to ask for an exchange rate which would give a "fair" competitive advantage, whatever that may be, to English exporters. This demand would arouse wild, flaring nationalism on both sides of the Atlantic.

There is, of course, no chance of Mr. Roosevelt's reaching any currency understanding with France until a strong Cabinet has been installed in Paris, the budget crisis settled and a decision made about France's future currency policies. The only thing we can be sure of is that if France eventually goes off the gold standard, Mr. Roosevelt and America will receive the entire blame.

Mr. Roosevelt's professed object in his policy of buying gold abroad is to manipulate our domestic price level. The extent to which he will be able to do this, at least in time to aid the N.R.A. program, seems more than doubtful. However, since this course has now been embarked on, it would seem foolish for Mr. Roosevelt to retreat either by consenting to any sort of de facto stabilization which might quickly be upset by speculation, or by reverting to our previous policy of letting the dollar flap convulsively on foreign exchanges. To remove the dollar from the clutches of exchange speculators, and permanently to end their demonstrated power to cause near-panics and recessions in our domestic markets, is a clear gain. On the other hand, there would seem to be every reason for Mr. Roosevelt to move circumspectly in depreciating the dollar, and to make known at every step his readiness to coöperate with the English in setting up joint-control machinery for a great non-gold currency bloc.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The New Deal Is Constitutional

THERE appears to be a very generally entertained notion among both liberals and conservatives, that if the Supreme Court of the United States upholds the recent recovery legislation it will be compelled to invent a complete new set of legal terminology, to tear up familiar constitutional landmarks and to graft new doctrine on an ancient document. It is popularly supposed to require a sort of dialectic earthquake, which will leave huge fissures in constitutional logic. It threatens even to create an unconstitutional habit of thought about constitutional issues. The language of economics and sociology, made up of notoriously vague terms, is assumed to be necessary in order to fill in the gaps in the logical structure. Such language, it is thought, will make the Constitution look less like a constitution than it did before.

These assumptions have raised a very general question whether constitutional law can survive this major operation on constitutional logic. Grave doubts are expressed by the grave doubters. Logic, they argue, may not be the soul of the law, but it certainly composes a large part of its body. Others are more cheerful. They regard the influx of a new economic terminology and the scrapping of old concepts as inevitable to the march of progress. But both groups are united on one point. They are sure that the Supreme Court in upholding these statutes will be forced to overrule a number of cases, to invent new doctrine and to desert the analogies which have heretofore been regarded as safe anchors to windward.

In view of all these doubts and worries, many of them expressed by learned men, it will be somewhat of a surprise to the logician who investigates the dialectic structure of constitutional law to find that they have little or no foundation in the decided cases. No actual dilemma between logic and expediency faces the Supreme Court if it supports the government. The fact is that the logic of the cases is in favor of the recent legislation, that new doctrine and new terminology are necessary only if the acts are held unconstitutional, and that resort to economics and sociology is required only of those who oppose the legislation. In other words, constitutional logic does not give the safeguards on which conservatives rely, nor does it put in the way of *national* governmental control the obstacles which the liberals fear.

In view of the popular notion to the contrary, it may be of interest to demonstrate this. In doing so we should, at the outset, discard the idea of supporting the acts on some vague notion of self-defense in time of danger, analogous to the powers of the government in time of war. Such a justification might rightly be claimed to be a departure from former constitutional logic. There are of course countries with constitutions whose constitutional law consists of one emergency after another. But with us the notion is reminiscent of "martial law," which has always been considered an unpleasant and only occasional necessity. Martial law, our jurists insist, is not law at all. By the same token, "emergency" law cannot be constitutional law. Therefore if these acts are not to depart from established logic, the present depression must assume a subordinate place in our reasoning, appearing only as one of a number of facts to which the ancient and conservative constitutional principles must apply.

The argument by which this can be accomplished is simple, familiar and entirely conventional. It divides itself into two inquiries each of which has only one answer. First: what are the proper subjects for congressional regulation, and second: how far may such regulation go?

In pursuing the first of these questions we immediately find that the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce is unquestioned. We further find that this power includes the regulation of anything which directly or substantially affects interstate commerce. Thus we find included in the commerce power practically everything—at least everything of sufficient importance to be worth regulating on a national scale. It will be said that the famous child-labor case prevents congressional regulation of manufacturing. In answer it can be pointed out that the commerce clause, according to that case, of course may not be used as a mere device to force local regulations on state manufacturing. If, however, the regulation of *commerce* is the main purpose of Congress, the case indicates that manufacturing may be regulated as an incident to the use of the larger power. It is apparent that Mr. Justice Day, in his opinion in the child-labor case, meant to commit the Court to that position. In any event Mr. Justice Taft so interpreted the case later. The child-labor case is thus in favor of present acts. The burden of inventing new doctrine limiting the power to regulate interstate commerce is thrown on those opposing the recovery legislation. This disposes of the first inquiry as to the existence of the power of Congress to regulate.

The second inquiry is equally simple. How far may congressional regulation of interstate commerce go? May it include the regulation of prices, the restriction of production, and the determination of wages and working hours? Familiar principles can be set out holding that such matters are entirely within the domain of private enterprise. But there is one most significant and important exception. If the business is *affected with a public interest,* price, production and employment may be regulated. We have only to determine, therefore, whether the pres-

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ent emergency has affected general business transactions and trade in agricultural commodities with a public interest. If it has, our logical inquiry is ended.

It seems quite apparent that changes of great magnitude have occurred in our national credit structure, and that many factors are impeding the normal flow of commodities in interstate commerce. However, a strictly logical inquiry should not go beyond the decisions. We need therefore only take note of the decision that the Court will regard a congressional finding of fact as having great weight and not to be overthrown without overwhelming evidence to the contrary. Congress has found that the businesses regulated by the present recovery legislation are affected with a public interest because of the acute economic emergency. True, state legislative declarations that certain businesses were affected with a public interest have been on occasion contradicted by the Court. It is scarcely possible to contend, however, that conditions existing when such state legislation was held invalid because the business concerned was not actually affected with a public interest, are comparable to the present emergency. But again we do not need to go beyond the decisions. Mr. Justice Hughes has already taken judicial notice that "a depression such as we are now passing through is a new experience in the present generation." This cannot rationally be said of conditions in the theatre-ticket business when that regulation was held unconstitutional, or in the packing business in Kansas, or in the regulation of employment agencies a few years ago when times were generally considered prosperous. However, the important point for the logician is that Mr. Justice Hughes, speaking for the majority of the Court, did regard the depression as something which was unparalleled in our time. This was in 1931, when prosperity was just around the corner. Little has happened since that time to indicate that the Supreme Court should recede from this statement.

The principle that an economic emergency affects with a public interest matters ordinarily deemed private, has become hornbook law. Railroad hours and wages, and rentals of apartments in New York City, have been regulated on this basis in minor emergencies incidental to far more prosperous times—and at a time when no court had said that the country was going through an experience new to the present generation.

We have therefore proved our case to be within the strict limits of constitutional logic. Congress can regulate interstate commerce and anything which affects it. It can carry that regulation into the control of prices, wages and production, if the business is affected with a public interest. The Supreme Court has said that public interest in business changes with changing conditions. We have the declaration of Congress that conditions have changed, and judicial notice taken by the court of the factors on which Congress acted.

To find a flaw in this familiar and conventional argument, without inventing new doctrine or going outside constitutional law to emotional or economic terms, is indeed difficult. It is probably true that never before in the history of the country have so many things become affected with a public interest (and therefore subject to regulation) at the same time. The government appears to have undergone a change. Persons who feel that constitutional logic always opposes change therefore talk about the act as unconstitutional. But the doctrine that too many things may not be affected by a public interest at the same time has never been announced in any judicial decision. It must be first invented, and then supported by economic and social theories. It is therefore those who oppose the constitutionality of the act who must stretch the logic of constitutional law to the breaking point—not those who favor it.

Why then this worry over the constitutionality of the recovery legislation found in magazine articles, and in bar-association meetings—this wonder whether the Supreme Court will be liberal enough to work its way toward national expediency and away from constitutional logic? The reason lies not so much in anything the Court has done as in the habits of thought of our serious constitutional thinkers, both conservative and liberal. They are used to assuming that the Constitution necessarily discourages adventure in economic organization. On such an assumption hopeless cases have been hopefully taken to the Supreme Court by persons who thought that, because the Court had limited state powers, it would limit national power. Thus may be explained the quixotic efforts to obtain judicial disapproval of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Trade Commission, the national regulation of stockyards, the national regulation of grain exchanges. In the same way may be explained the present belief that, somehow or other, the decided cases *must* contain something which logically prevents the present extension of federal power.

So far as members of the bar are concerned, it is not their habit to look up cases when discoursing on constitutional law. If a lawyer's opinion is asked on a question of real property, for example, he will say nothing about it until his clerks have handed him long memoranda of the cases. If he is asked a constitutional question, however, he is on his feet almost instantly. He assumes that the Constitution opposes change, in spite of every evidence to the contrary, simply because the Constitution has always been used as the great argumentative refuge for the conservatives.

In the same way liberals and radicals have become so firmly convinced that anything they want is unconstitutional that they entertain the same constitutional doubts as the conservatives. They have been so accustomed to conceive of constitutional logic as an archaic system preventing progress that

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if they were ever convinced that their programs were constitutional they would begin to question their soundness.

In reality the Supreme Court for a long period of time has been paving the way to declare the present recovery legislation constitutional. The emergency finds it well supplied with the necessary formulas. These formulas have been created largely in the process of curbing state legislatures and extending the power of the national government over interstate commerce. National power cannot be built up, and state power curtailed, without using terms which, when applied in their common meaning, support still further extension of national power. It may be that the members of the Supreme Court did not contemplate anything like the present action of Congress. It is likely that they extended the power of Congress because they considered it much less probable that subversive socialistic theory could prevail on a national scale than in individual states. However that may be, words granting power, when once uttered, are hard to limit, even though accompanied by solemn warnings as to their proper use. It is obvious that the preservation of cherry trees in the early days of this great republic would have been more efficiently promoted by refusing to give George Washington any hatchet at all, than by giving him one with directions as to the objects to which it might properly be applied.

Finally, the assumption that the Supreme Court of the United States will regret that by extending the commerce power and the public-interest concept they have made the present legislation logically possible, is purely gratuitous. True it is, the Court has the reputation of disliking intensely those things which are advocated by radicals. But, it may be pertinently asked, who are the radicals supporting this legislation? Much of the applause seems to be coming from old-line Republicans. Much of the outspoken dissent has issued from radical or liberal sources.

It is interesting to note that one of the most impressive paragraphs which may be used to support the recovery acts comes from Mr. Justice Brewer's opinion in the case of In re Debs—a case in which the power of the federal government was being extended, and where a socialist was being punished. It reads as follows:

> Constitutional provisions do not change, but their operation extends to new matters as the modes of business and the habits of life of the people vary with each succeeding generation. . . . Just so is it with the grant to the national government of power over interstate commerce. The Constitution has not changed. The power is the same, but it operates today upon modes of interstate commerce unknown to the fathers, and it will operate with equal force upon any new modes of such commerce which the future may develop.

THURMAN ARNOLD.

A Century of Treadmill

A Few Funeral Flowers for the Chicago Fair

A CENTURY of Progress," better and almost universally known as the Chicago Fair, is on the point of closing as I write these lines. There is talk, to be sure, of reopening it next spring; but if this is done, its character will be greatly changed and its customers, no doubt, mostly denizens of Chicago. This year's 22 million visitors have all walked in and limped out; they will not be back. No harm can be done if I indulge in a few "now it can be told" remarks about the exposition which I was so inexcusably late in coming to see.

It's Funny, But Is It New?—The Century of Progress is situated on two long and narrow strips of land, one of which is part of the mainland and the other an island, running north and south, and therefore parallel to the shore, from which it is separated by a narrow lagoon. Both these strips have been reclaimed from Lake Michigan, the mainland part some years ago, the island for the purposes of the Fair. From the photographs and drawings I had seen in advance I had supposed that the buildings were tall and close together, but they are not; they are scattered and, especially against the background of Chicago's row of skyscrapers, they seem dumpy. Modern architects have raged against the style of most of these buildings, calling it "modernistic"—the ultimate epithet—and saying that it will give a black eye to the functional movement in architecture for years to come; but it seems to me that they take the matter too seriously, and that the Fair will do little either for or against their movement, whether in architecture, decoration or furniture.

Some of the buildings are pretty good, but even the bad ones go well with the general idea of the Fair. They have amusing flat surfaces, gay color, pleasant sun decks, convenient ramps. The violent red, green and blue light in which they are bathed after darkness is not very good—one remembers with envy, for example, the success in somewhat the same sort of thing in the Colonial Exposition in Paris in 1931—but it certainly is appropriate to

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the whole spirit of the enterprise. The only interiors of importance are those in the model houses, and these are just about as good, or as bad, as those to be seen in the average Architectural League show nowadays.

Most Americans decided some time ago that modern furniture means a low chair with tubular steel frame and a red-leather seat. The Fair is full of them; but so is Grand Rapids—and would have been even if the Fair had not been held. The Columbian Exposition of 1893 changed the architectural ideas of a generation: but that was before the days of the rotogravure section, and above all, the movies. After all, more people go to the cinema every week than visited the Century of Progress in its whole summer. Claudette Colbert can sell more chromium in a week than Rufus Dawes in a lifetime.

The Magic Mixture.—Speaking as one footsore American who has seen every important exposition in this country since 1904, and three of the four chief European ones since 1914, I can testify that the Chicagoans stuck to the time-honored formula in compounding their show. A job lot of scientific displays showing random samples of recent progress in invention; a great many sales booths for inexpensive jewelry and other oddments technically, but misleadingly, known as "novelties"; displays of all the standard goods advertised in The Saturday Evening Post, with eager salesmen waiting to book your order, and a great many cheap Coney Island shows of the stereotyped sort, ranging from incubator babies to a roller coaster which is guaranteed to be simultaneously safe and alarming.

If you could spend ten days in the Hall of Science —preferably in a wheel chair—and remember all you saw, you could come out with a fair smattering of physics, mathematics and biology; but I should be much surprised to learn that even one of the 22 million has done so. The average visitor goes through the exhibits at a speed of two miles an hour for five hours a day for two or three days. The balance of the time he sits around recuperating, his ears battered by conflicting sounds from competing loudspeakers, his nostrils full of the smell of hot greases. Inside of a week, everything he has seen at the Fair has melted in his mind into a few vague, confused impressions of machines working and pictures clicking through a stereopticon device. There are few competent psychologists, I'll venture, who would say that the net educational value of such an experience is more than about $1.77.

How Sex Came to President Dawes.—In the interest of journalism, truth and lubricity, I have been everywhere that I shouldn't, at the Fair, and seen everything I ought not to have seen. The results were deplorable.

President Rufus Dawes, brother of General Upside-down-pipe Dawes, remembered or was told about Little Egypt, the muscle dancer who was the sensation of the 1893 Exposition, and he or someone in his entourage decided that *this* Fair must have muscle dancing which was to that as a V-16 Lincoln (beg pardon, General Johnson: I mean a Cadillac) is to the one-lung Pope-Toledo of Glidden Tour days. No doubt much must be forgiven to a man facing the risk of millions of deficit in the middle of a depression; but it is hard to excuse President Dawes for tolerating the nudity racket at the Fair as he has done. There are about twenty peep shows, which have just one thing for sale: the sight of exposed female flesh. As one who has long believed that the thing to do about nudity is to arrive there and stop fussing about it, I should not at all mind this if the peep shows made good; but of course they don't.

The barkers go to the last limit in sniggering promises of unveiling: "One HUN-dred DOLLars to you, I don't care WHO you are, reformer or censor or what-not, if this little lady"—(standing by him wrapped coyly in a blanket)—"wears so much as one shred or particle of clothing of any sort whatsoEVER when she steps upon the stage." The little lady—a corn-fed high-school girl from Moline, by her face—looks as nymphomaniac as possible. The phonograph inside the booth strikes up; the crowd surges forward, and pays its fifteen cents apiece—sin is cheap at the Fair—for a six-minute show.

Needless to say, it is bilked. Either the girls do an awkward and ugly muscle dance, in which case they wear enough pink court plaster for the fussiest censor, or they participate in motionless "living pictures" carefully arranged to reveal no more than can be seen any day in the advertising sections of Vogue or Pictorial Review. While the audiences are mostly men, they include many a respectable woman's club president from Kansas, South Dakota or Indiana, grimly and conscientiously seeing life in the raw. This sort of thing has been going on in twenty places, every six or seven minutes (the girls work in relays), fourteen hours a day and seven days a week, all summer. It must have been profitable financially; but it is something of which President Dawes and his confrères have every reason to be heartily ashamed.

Things Your Pastor Never Told You.—Perhaps a clue to all the sad, determined attendance at the peep shows is to be found in another curious spectacle at the Fair. In the Hall of Science, elsewhere almost empty, you come suddenly upon a waiting queue of people four abreast and stretching many yards down a corridor. Busy guards hold guide ropes and hustle those who try to get ahead of their proper places. What are these multitudes of adult men and women waiting to see? A series of displays giving the history of the human embryo, with specimens at various stages all neatly preserved in alcohol. (Elsewhere in the grounds, similar crowds are paying twenty-five cents each to see the same things under commercial auspices.) One

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realizes suddenly what a lot American Puritanism —and in particular, the dully passionate Protestantism of the Middle West—has to answer for. With new respect, and remembrances of Dayton, Tennessee, you notice that the Exposition has at least had the courage to present unflinching Darwinism throughout all its displays. (There is a Hall of Religion at the Fair; but it is almost entirely devoted to the rackets: foreign missions, new-fangled pews and pipe-organ demonstrations.)

Fanny's First Fan.—The one big, new idea which the Middle West has obtained from A Century of Progress is the fan dance. Some years ago Miss Faith Bacon presented in the Earl Carroll Vanities, New York, a dance in which she was or seemed to be nude, but waved about her two large ostrich-feather fans with such agility that the audience could never be sure whether she was or wasn't exposing herself and if so what of it? Chicago never heard of this dance until the summer of 1933, since when it has heard of nothing else. Miss Bacon and a brisk imitator, Miss Sally Rand, have been performing at the Fair; but now every cabaret, every third-rate burlesque show from the Alleghanies to the Rockies, has its own fan dancer; all the vaudeville jokes are on this theme; and the novelty stores are all selling tiny fan-dancer dolls. . . . My journalistic conscience compels me to record, however, that such dolls are not the most popular souvenir of the Fair. That proud distinction is reserved for *live* baby turtles, whose backs have been enameled white, into the semblance of a sea-shell, and painted with miniature bouquets of roses. Mainly red.

We, the People.—I came to Chicago with some vague ideas (mostly stolen from Isobel Walker and Marquis Childs) that one might write about this Fair in terms of Mr. Babbitt's Funeral Pyre, or The Last Days of Coolidge Prosperity; but nothing in the minds of the other visitors, at least, justifies such an interpretation. If this country is going through a revolution, the people who come to the Fair don't seem to know it. These are, of course, the great Middle Western middle class: the poor can't afford to come, the rich know better. Some of them, you may be surprised to learn, are even farmers; the exhibits of farm machinery and livestock have been crowded with sunburned, silent, bashful men whose interest in machinery and animals was obviously professional and who seemed unconscious of the irony involved in these arrays of huge, bright-painted new machines for increasing production, when already more is being produced than people can buy.

This Fair, then, has been of, by and for the Middle West; the territory which hardly knows, even yet, that Europe exists; the territory of short, friendly, round-headed people who serve the salad at the beginning of the meal and drink their coffee from gigantic cups one-third full of cream. Talking with dozens of them, I found hardly one who was conscious of the acute misery which their own social workers report is going on among the poor in their own territory: it was the old case of Disraeli's two nations, the rich and the poor—for by the standards of the poor, these people who can afford to come to the Fair belong among the rich. I found no enthusiasm for the Blue Eagle and the New Deal, but no strong opposition either; those I talked with felt that Mr. Roosevelt is a fine man and doing the best he can, and "Darned if I understand what it's all about."

They have come to the Fair joyously, conscientiously, mostly in the family flivver, staying along the way at those roadside cabins which have all but bankrupted most of the country's small-town hotels. They have sacrificed for a few days their present favorite indoor sport—indulging in a dramatic dialogue with the radio announcer who recites one part in the studio while the listener, following the text in his evening newspaper, shouts back the responses into his loudspeaker. The perfect characterization of these worthy people is to be found in the fact that the popcorn sold at the Fair is accompanied by a chemical analysis, printed on the box, which proves that it is highly nourishing. No good Middle Westerner would eat popcorn just for fun.

Occasionally, one of these people may be heard to say, as so many of the middle class have said, these past four years, "What this country needs is a revolution." But they don't mean it. They never mean it. At the very most, their revolution is scaling down mortgage debt and perhaps a government-owned banking system (a quarter, sometimes a half of their banks are still shut, and they wish they had their money out). At the Fair, their favorite spot is the big room where automobiles are put together under their very eyes (as it would be, too, for any Bolshevik from Russia). Here is something every last one of them understands all about.

So far as I can see, the only future they envisage, as they plod wearily about the grounds and uncomplainingly pay nickel after nickel for entry to the lavatories, is one very like their past. More automobiles, with better gadgets; television added to their radios (television is demonstrated at the Fair). Maybe better banks, with less stock-market gambling and sharper control over "them big capitalists in Wall Street." And, undoubtedly, more Centuries of Progress to come to, with higher Amos 'n' Andy Skyrides, louder loudspeakers blaring all over the place and an even more pervasive smell of hot grease, popcorn and doughnuts. If there is in the Middle West a mood of drastic impatience, of real desire to change things fundamentally, it is not reflected in these middle-class crowds. It is somewhere else. . . . Perhaps we had better go and look for it.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Chicago.

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Germany Under the Choke-Bit

THOMAS JEFERSON, who more than a century ago said he would rather have a free press without government than government without a free press, would find the direct antithesis of his preference in the Germany of Adolf Hitler. Most Americans do not yet realize the extent to which the Nazis control and intimidate the press and other mediums of German public opinion. I think this explains the principal reason why numerous tourists return from the Third Reich with accounts of the apparent peace and contentment prevailing there when at the same time cable dispatches give us additional examples of Nazi violence and brutality.

Only recently I came across two incongruous stories in The New York Times. One was a brief interview with several high-school students who had visited the larger cities of Germany and returned to America on a German liner. They claimed they had found conditions splendid, with no indication of barbarism or atrocities. The other was a long article from a staff correspondent telling of the renewed subjugation of Jews and liberals in Prussia.

The fundamental cause of the discrepancy between the two items was that the newspaperman looked at Germany from a perspective widely different from that of the students. He knew that Nazi Germany wears a false face. The Germany of the surface—the Germany that the casual tourist sees and admires—is not the Germany that seethes beneath the thin crust of camouflage laid over it by Dr. Joseph Göbbels' highly efficient propaganda organization.

I was visiting friends in the province of Bavaria this last summer when Hitler and Göbbels, speaking at one of their frequent week-end rallies, announced that any newspaper which did not serve the state dutifully was a menace and should be dealt with accordingly. The current German state of mind was reflected when the vast audience cheered enthusiastically this death-knell of the freedom of the press!

Newspaper telephone and telegraph lines were tapped by government agents; editors and staff members were threatened; one young reporter, an acquaintance of mine and a graduate of Heidelberg, was flogged by Storm Troopers for writing an article slightly skeptical of Nazi success; the authority to own or publish a newspaper was severely circumscribed and the final decision on all matters of policy was taken from the respective editors and given to Göbbels, the Nazi Minister of Propaganda and "Enlightenment." There is no restraint on any department in carrying out Hitler's command that the press "be forged into a tempered weapon of German policy, life and spirit." Dramatic criticism, sports and cartoons share the same fate as the editorial columns. The first victim of this iron-shackled censorship was a dramatic critic on The Frankfurter Zeitung, once a leading liberal newspaper of the German Republic. He had the temerity to sign a sarcastic review of a jingoistic play written by Göbbels himself. The critic was three weeks on his back recovering from the savage beating he suffered at a Nazi concentration camp. No other critics braved Göbbels' wrath and the play still is described in flowery language as one of the masterpieces of the contemporary stage.

In sports the interference of the government was even more flagrant. For several weeks prior to the prize fight between Max Schmeling, the German, and Max Baer, the American Jew, the German newspapers, at Göbbels' instigation, published daily prognostications of the dreadful beating the Teuton would inflict upon his Hebrew adversary. Strangely enough, this did not come to pass; Baer won on a technical knock-out over Schmeling in what several New York sports writers later described to me as one of the cleanest exhibitions of boxing they ever saw. The next day the German sports sections carried the banner line: "The Jew Baer Defeats Schmeling by Unfair Methods."

This high-handed treatment of the press has not been confined only to publications printed in the Reich. Fear of indignation abroad, coupled with fear of strife and rebellion at home, has prompted the Nazi government to control all publications with a mailed fist. Several prominent foreign magazines and newspapers are forbidden in Germany. It is worth a man's life to possess a copy of The Manchester Guardian. The Nation and The New Republic also are in ill repute. I was questioned as to my motives and intentions when I attempted to purchase them in a little village near the Saar. As a matter of fact, I found it impossible to obtain any American publications other than The Saturday Evening Post and Collier's in the smaller towns of Bavaria. The New York Times is tolerated only in places frequented by Americans. Occasionally it is referred to in the German press as being "Jew-owned and anti-German."

Specific issues of certain papers are also suppressed. When Austen Chamberlain and other leaders in the English Parliament vigorously assailed the Hitler government, The London Times printed their speeches in full. Ordinarily that paper is available at all large newsstands, but I tramped the streets of Frankfort for three hours vainly attempting to purchase the issue containing the text of the addresses before Parliament.

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This episode had a tragic sequel. A newspaperman, applauding the declarations of Chamberlain, which he had heard read over the radio, was interned in a Nazi camp for a considerable time. He emerged looking like a living cadaver. He said he had been beaten almost daily.

Radio is the one medium that has tried Göbbels' patience severely. He has not found it difficult to control the German radio stations, now compelled to read over the air frequent news dispatches and editorials prepared in Göbbels' office. But foreign stations are a different matter. Shortly after Hitler's mandate ending press independence, Göbbels discovered it was one thing to bar antagonistic newspapers, but quite another to suppress unfriendly broadcasts.

The most significant example was the powerful French station at Strassburg, only a few rods over the German frontier. Because the population of Strassburg always has been a mixture of French and German, the radio station long ago started broadcasting in German. Now it uses the two languages indiscriminately, often repeating everything in German that is first said in French.

The German newspapers are not the only victims of Göbbels' censorship: magazines and books have also felt his intolerance. Every weekly and monthly periodical is compelled to publish photographs and cartoons praising Hitler and ridiculing his foes. The favorite objects of denunciation are Chancellor Dolfuss of Austria, prominent Jews, the French army and the League of Nations. One widely circulated cartoon showed the Austrian Tyrol troops being led by a French general, an opulent Jewish merchant, a British squire and a Catholic priest. Mussolini receives considerable praise, indicating that, despite his alleged opposition to the Anschluss, he is playing a "both-ends-against-the-middle" diplomatic game. Brave indeed is the magazine which permits an issue to go to press without including a photograph of "Handsome Adolf."

Books also feel the heel of censorship. Every bookshop must give preference in its windows to Hitler's "Mein Kampf," and now similar recognition is being contemplated for an autobiography of Göbbels. The government also has authorized the publication of a book containing denials by prominent Jews of any atrocities or deeds of violence. This has been printed in three languages—French, English and German—and placed in all tourist centers. I saw many of them at Baden-Baden.

I asked one of the rabbis who wrote the denials how they were obtained. He told me that one night, shortly after the Reichstag was dissolved, he and his Jewish friends were rounded up and taken to Göbbels' office. There they were commanded to sign denials already prepared and printed. When they at first refused, Göbbels threatened to kill them all and inflict additional suffering upon their families. Under such compulsion they had no choice. They signed.

The motion-picture industry was the last medium of public opinion to be forced to submit to Nazi guidance. Its first duty was to produce the sensational film, "S. A. Mann Brand," prepared and written by Göbbels' department as a weapon of Nazi propaganda. It would appeal to persons of about the same mental age as those stirred by "Tarzan of the Apes." But it was well acted, the photography was excellent and the audience much impressed. The enthusiasm reached its climax with the grand finale, which showed Hitler's legions marching into power. The Nazis were portrayed as handsome and gentle young men; their arch foes, the Communists, were murderers of children and old women and despoilers of virgins. The film carefully avoided any mention of the Jews, but most of the Communists were Semitic in appearance and one of the picture's principal villains, a merchant who discharged faithful employees for trivial reasons, also had Hebrew characteristics.

I asked a German film distributor why the picture did not touch on the Jewish question. His answer was, "Well, the Reichschancellor and Göbbels have been disturbed by anti-German sentiment in other countries and want to use 'S. A. Mann Brand' to show foreigners that there is no feeling here against the Jews. At the same time they keep the German people satisfied by making Semitic-appearing actors portray all the evil characters."

The cinema companies also have been ordered to produce two-reel features to arouse martial tendencies, films showing Germany's commercial air armada, her navy and her army of Storm Troopers.

Göbbels has not been content with controlling the usual channels of public opinion, however, and has started using individuals at home and abroad. At a fairly large hotel the manager started chatting with me one day and abruptly said, "You know, all those stories in your American newspapers about atrocities are false. Hitler is really a great thing for Germany. He is restoring the country's self-respect and the Jews and radicals are not mistreated."

"Don't tell me that," I said. "I've seen things here far worse than what I read in the newspapers. Why do you tell me what you know not to be true?"

His answer was frank. "If you don't divulge my name, I'll tell you that I'm forced to inform every tourist that conditions are fine here. If I don't, the local Bürgermeister has threatened to throw me into prison."

But despite these desperate means of controlling opinion, the Nazi officials still are frightfully nervous. It is forbidden to take the most extreme anti-Semitic journals out of Germany and I succeeded in getting several across the frontier only by hiding them in the train washroom while Nazi customs officials searched my compartment. Nazi representatives have been sent to various countries which have been antagonized by the oppression of the Jews and liberals. Rosenberg was sent to Eng-

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land, where he was coldly received, and Ambassador Luther, when he landed in New York, issued statements denying Nazi atrocities.

The Nazis control one of the most highly organized movements in modern times to direct sentiment and opinion in a great country—a movement that was foreshadowed nine years ago in 1924 when a prisoner in the fortress at Landsberg wrote, "To win the sympathy of the broad masses, you must tell them the crudest and most stupid things." This prisoner's name was Adolf Hitler. If his methods win, they will have succeeded for the first time in history. In the past they have never been tried on the same scale. RICHARD NEUBERGER.

Washington Notes

Who Killed Cock Robin?—The Threat of Congress—Getting Weak in the Knees—Doles and Public Works

IT IS impossible to ignore the fact that the whole Roosevelt program has reached a critical stage. There are a few supporters of the administration who still maintain that everything is working wonderfully and that there is no trouble anywhere, but the responsible men in the new departments know better. The truth is not only that the opposition to the dominant features of the New Deal has become suddenly violent from without, but that there are dissensions and divisions within which are even more disturbing.

Consider first the N.R.A., which has been made the chief target of attack in recent weeks. As I have already pointed out, it is no secret that General Johnson's methods and policies have been—and still are—vigorously opposed by officials of the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, who consider them largely responsible for their own inability to raise prices of farm products to the point essential for the success of their program. Though they were once close business associates, General Johnson and Mr. George Peek have widely diverged almost from the start, and their differences amount almost to a feud. It is also true that Johnson has been compelled to override the advice of some of his own deputies and chairmen of advisory commissions.

One trouble about Johnson is his reluctance to admit a mistake and his resentment when one is pointed out. At present, when the journalistic barrage, led by Hearst, has started, and the roarings of the Western farmers reverberate in Washington, Mr. Johnson's sensitive temperament is under a severe strain. His disposition is not improved by the knowledge that there are quite a few members of his own organization sitting back and saying, "Well, he wouldn't listen to me." He also has to bear up under other administration aides of the President, who favor a throttling down of N.R.A. activity. And there are, moreover, rumors that Johnson is "on his way out."

It seems to me that a large part of this is without foundation. Mr. Johnson would like to get out, but he is not being pushed out and there is no sign that those who want to dismantle the N.R.A. machine have influenced the President. Nevertheless, the position in which Johnson now finds himself is not a happy one, and the unified public support so vital to the success of the plan has plainly diminished. Those who regard the N.R.A. as the most promising governmental experiment ever tried and realize its benefits, are naturally discouraged—particularly fearful of the assault which will be made upon it in the next Congress.

I regret to report further that all is not harmonious among the administrators of the Agricultural Act. Mr. Peek has not seen eye to eye with Secretary Wallace on a number of issues—the tobacco code is one notable instance—and there are among the advisers differences as to the ultimate aim and permanent nature of what is being done. Couple this with the dissatisfaction in the agricultural West, and it is more than probable that next January there will be a storm of protest, which the administration may not be able to control. There is an element in the administration, led by Budget Director Douglas, which does not believe in the efficacy of the public-works program and has not been backward in voicing its views.

The greatest lack of harmony, however, seems to be in regard to the new monetary policy of the President. The Treasury officials, members of the Federal Reserve Board and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation were not only unenthusiastic, but skeptical of the gold-purchase plan. It is true the President has succeeded in getting the heads of these departments to coöperate, but I do not think they are convinced.

I mention these things rather to give an accurate picture of the present Washington than to prove that the program is about to collapse. Mr. Roosevelt himself is calm and confident and evidences no disturbance or qualms. It may be that he is not wholly aware of the extent of inner dissension, but he certainly knows it exists. Far from being deterred by the journalistic attacks, which have in some cases come as a surprise, he intends to pursue every course upon which his administration has embarked. Nevertheless, the lack of inner harmony in the administration has only recently come to the surface, and has changed the atmosphere. The fine spirit of "come on boys, we're on our way" has been destroyed.

Of course, the real trouble is that business has not improved to any measurable extent. There seems no doubt that the Federal Reserve Board's figures showing a decline in October and September were correct. The upturn in July and August was as distinct as the recession of the last two months. If the early improvement had continued, the dissensions would be trivial. It is only the plain fact that, despite the heroic efforts of the administration, the depression is still with us. The basic trouble is that the expectations of the general public were overstimulated at the start, and Johnson's promises put too many million men to work at too early a day.

The real danger for President Roosevelt, of course, is in Congress. There are still two months ahead, but that is a short time and the present outlook is not encouraging. Confidence has weakened, not so much in the President, who appears almost as popular as ever, but in the efficacy of his plans. The fear among the administrators is that when Congress meets the state of the nation as a whole

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will be no better than it was six months ago. In the judgment of practically everyone I know, it will be necessary to make an additional half-billion appropriation for relief. Before April the funds of Relief Director Hopkins will be exhausted and neither private charity nor the states will be able to take over the job of supporting three million families. In addition, a further big appropriation for public works will be recommended, and it is probable that many of the veterans cut from the pension rolls will be reinstated—and a considerable number of them should be. Altogether, the prospect is that this will be a spending and not a saving Congress, that Congress will tremendously increase the cost of government and that the Budget Director's calculations will be shot to pieces. All of which tends toward the more direct and violent form of inflation, sentiment for which is again becoming marked.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Checks that Pass in the Night—Piggy Wiggin —How to Cheat Your Uncle Sam— Revolt on Capitol Hill

A NEW racket has come to light as the result of Mr. Pecora's digging into the methods of the Chase National Bank. It might be called the Canadian-corporation racket. Delaware and New Jersey have for years made themselves notorious for their contributions to corporation-finance racketeering. Now, however, Canada makes its appearance as a competitor.

Some months ago [June 21] I described in this department an operation in which the Goldman, Sachs Trading Corporation and the Postum Company bought a new freezing process from the Frosted Foods Company. A check for $23 million was given in payment. It was not deposited by the Frosted Foods Company, as you might expect, but was endorsed and turned over to the United Foods Company of Canada. It was not deposited there either, but again endorsed to the United Foods Company of Delaware. It was not deposited by this company, but later turned up in the office of J. P. Morgan and Company. As the original investment is supposed to have been around $1,250,000, it will be seen that a sale for $23 million represented an enormous profit for somebody. But why this intricate method of completing payment for the purchase? Why were these checks shifted about without being deposited? Why did they cross the border twice without being deposited?

At the time the obvious inference seemed to be that this elaborate procedure served as a screen behind which the real beneficiaries were hidden. That may still be accepted as a good reason. But now it is apparent that the income-tax laws had much to do with it. The scheme was used by partners of Dillon, Read and Company and by Mr. Wiggin of the Chase Bank and some of his patriotic contemporaries. Here is the way the scheme works.

In the United States one must pay an income tax on profits arising from the purchase and sale of stocks. This is classified as a capital-gains tax. If you buy 1,000 shares of XYZ Corporation at 100—cost $100,000—and later sell them for $200,000, you will have a profit of $100,000 for which you must account in your income-tax returns.

However, you can avoid this by organizing a small corporation in Canada. Instead of selling the stock for $200,000 on the market, you sell it to your Canadian corporation for $100,000—precisely what you paid for it. Thus you have no profit to report. Your Canadian corporation is permitted under Canadian laws to set down on its books that stock, not at the price paid for it—$100,000—but at its market price at the time it was bought—$200,000. It may then sell the stock in the market for $200,000. This, of course, will show no profit. And you, as the stockholder of the corporation, will receive no profit, so far as the records of the company go.

The effect of this practice has been a plethora of incorporations in Canada. Mr. Wiggin had three companies there. How many American millionaires and American corporations also went across the border to profit on these bootleg income-tax charters no one can say. But it is possible to say that it has become a general practice.

As matters stand now, two tasks confront the government. One is an effort to recover the income of which it has been thus deprived. Some estimate that it runs into hundreds of millions of dollars. The other is so to correct our tax law in order to put an end to the devices of these lawless men.

But for the moment, for the benefit of those who sometimes wonder if investigations ever do any good, let me point out that through the discovery and exposure of this practice alone, Mr. Pecora and the Banking and Currency Committee will save countless millions of dollars to the people of the United States.

Isn't it time for those who have been insisting that prices could be raised and business stimulated by pumping credit into the banks by means of the open-market operations of the Federal Reserve Banks to wake up? Hoover and Mr. Eugene Meyer, when he headed the Reserve Board, pinned their faith on this scheme. When Mr. Roosevelt took office many supposed that the futility of this strategem had been demonstrated. Nevertheless, following the passage of the Thomas amendment to the Agricultural Act, the Federal Reserve Board resumed these operations and has kept them up ever since. And with what results? The Board has given out some figures which describe these results. Briefly, since the middle of May, the Reserve banks have purchased about $562 million of government securities, thus making that much additional credit available to the member banks. But in the same period the excess reserves of the member banks in the Federal Reserve Banks are just equal to that amount. In other words, the banks have permitted the entire sum to remain in the Reserve Banks and have not used a penny of it.

The Thomas amendment provided that the President might inflate the currency in any one of four ways: (1) He could inflate credit by buying government securities through the Federal Reserve Banks. (2) He could print and issue Treasury notes to redeem bonds and pay the expenses of the government. (3) He could accept payment of our allies' debts in silver and use the silver thus obtained as a base for issuing silver certificates. (4) He could devalue the

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dollar to the extent of 50 percent of its gold content.

It was pretty well understood at the time that the advocates of Federal Reserve credit would have another inning. They have had it and it has been a dismal failure once more. Now Congress is about to assemble. The President must face a Senate and House that will be aflame with the passion for inflation.

Down in Washington the opinion seems to be that the President's present gold maneuvers are a preliminary move in a race between him and the Congress. Congress is coming back to Capitol Hill a bit wild-eyed. It is not going to be the docile gathering the President ruled during the last session. He is going to face revolt. And the feeling of Congress has not been at all sweetened by the treatment which Senators and Congressmen have had since the adjournment. The N.R.A. officials have been disposed to look slightingly on such small fry as Congressmen. The President himself has not been too well managed in this respect by the men who surround him. One prominent committee chairman in the House told me he had been trying to get to the President for two months and that he could not even get his letters to him. The moment approaches, however, when Congressmen and Senators will assume formidable proportions again in Washington.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Cort Laurels

The Green Bay Tree, by Mordaunt Shairp. Cort Theatre, October 20, 1933.

A REVIEW, as such, of "The Green Bay Tree" requires first a brief account, however tedious to those fortunate enough to have seen Mr. Jed Harris' production, of the story. In the studied and exquisite drawing-room—where Mr. Robert Edmond Jones, using about a tenth of his powers, has done beautifully and dramatically what no other of our designers could quite do—Mr. Dulcimer is seen. He is perfectly served by Trump, his man; he arranges, with gloves on, the flowers sent from his place in the country. He is most concerned about Julian, who has been a good deal absent and preoccupied of late. Julian arrives. Dulcy proposes trips out of town, Julian is not very much interested. He has something to talk over with Dulcy, goes to change and returns for dinner, during which he tells Dulcy that he is in love and wants to marry. Leonora Yale, Leo, he explains, is beautiful, self-supporting, a veterinary. She knows that Julian is not Dulcimer's son. Will Dulcy increase his allowance? On the contrary, Dulcimer will cut off the present allowance. Suddenly we hear that Leo is coming by, they are going to the ballet. The hasty dinner ends, the room is cleared and made more beautiful. She enters. The war between her and Dulcy begins. The curtain falls. In the next scene Julian enters; they have not been to the ballet, but to Julian's father's, above the dairy business. Once, fifteen or so years ago, in Wales, Dulcimer had heard a record of a boy's voice, had sought him out, paid his father £500 and adopted the boy, whose name is really David Owen. Old Owen proved rather better than Julian had thought. Now for a profession; to study for that is impossible in Dulcy's house; he will live at his father's. Dulcy is cynically displeased. There is an abrupt good-night. The curtain falls on Dulcimer, alone, sitting listening to a record of a boy's voice of long ago.

The second act is in old Owen's sitting-room. From the moment Dulcimer paid him the £500 he wholly changed; he now is prosperous in the dairy business and a lay preacher at some chapel. Julian makes uncertain progress cramming for the exams; Leo, tutoring him, is on his mind; three months have passed. She and his father, respectively, are bent on saving him. A telegram arrives. Dulcy has returned to town. Julian is delighted; his father exhorts, scolds, threatens. On Julian's argument that Dulcy has come around about the allowance, Leo agrees to dine that evening at Dulcy's. The last act opens with dinner at Dulcy's as a café game: notes from table to table are exchanged, et cetera. Leo departs; she will telephone later. The money discussion begins. Dulcy still refuses. He tries to show how Julian is trying to force himself into another character, not the real Julian. He proposes a trip in which there will be time to think it all over. The telephone rings, the test has come. Julian cannot take the step. He does not answer, but falls sobbing on the sofa. Dulcy orders Trump to make ready Mr. Julian's room. Breakfast next morning begins another scene, Dulcy all charm. Julian wishes to leave town as soon as possible, but must see Leo first. Leo comes, offers to marry Julian at once, says his father has been up all night; then she understands what Julian's decision really is. While Julian dresses for going out, Dulcimer taunts her; as she swears she'll see Julian again, his father comes in. Dulcimer is scornful of Owen's pleas; Owen to save his son shoots the corrupter. The short last scene shows Julian as the inheritor of all Dulcy's wealth. Leo comes, she will marry him provided he gives up the fortune. Test. Futility. She departs. The old life begins. Trump—Julian hopes he will stay till the end of his life—is to bring the flowers for Julian to arrange.

About this play there are so many points to discuss that I am driven almost to summaries.

First, the motif of the homosexual element in "The Green Bay Tree." It seems to me wasting time to ponder the literalness of Dulcy's relationship to the young man he has educated, tinged, colored with the arts, and taught to need him emotionally and culturally, and to supply an enrichment to his life, not to speak of the fascination and nourishment that Dulcy means for Julian, plus, according to capacity, the affection and delight that Julian brings to his feet. What happens here needs no exact detail: only stupid people think that in these matters there is for all instances literally a point at which it must be classed as one thing or the other. Moreover, Shelley, not unmindful of Greek drama, said that, of all tragic themes, incest was the greatest, since it brought on most violently and fully the exercise of human passions. There is a type of person, seeing "The Green Bay Tree," who, either by sheer lack of sophistication or some subconscious self-indulgence, will not quite divine this theme in the play. There is, also, a type that, enjoying the play, would choose to deny it: in the sense that some races tend in part to maintain themselves by certain lies, as certain lies live by some races. It seems to me an idle obstacle and waste of intelligence and time, sadly bourgeois, trying to make out Dulcimer's and

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Julian's relationship as only a sort of sybaritic, cultural luxury, dominance and dependence.

Without this point granted, Mr. Jed Harris' remarkable achievement in the direction of this play cannot be perceived or explained. From diverse people who saw the London production of "The Green Bay Tree," one hears that he has toned down the play. Their meaning is obvious. But what I should say is that he has toned it up. What Mr. Harris has done should be a lesson to a certain type of Freudian thinker, or, shall we say, wandering disciple. He does not isolate a human phenomenon and set it up as a kind of psychological, single dummy, extracted, or hypothesized, from some supposed life. He creates a life through whose relationships and manifestations the phenomenon, or characteristic, can be made to appear, as a living part. To cite great examples in drama—far off, of course, from "The Green Bay Tree"—this is what Sophocles in his "Oedipus Rex" does with the theme of incest; which amid the magnificent conflagration of human passions and characters is only the match, half overlooked as we follow the play, that set the conflagration off. It is, also, what Plato does about love in the "Symposium"; where the particular variety of love soon becomes only a detail in a great theme. As we see "The Green Bay Tree" under Mr. Harris' hands, the homosexual has within the total a place like these thematic instances in Plato and Sophocles, or, if you like, something like the relation that a man's liver's activities might have to the physical, et cetera, character of his life—in sum we have not a babyish, social, pseudo-scientific stress or employment of a theme, but its intelligent use.

Second. When the playwright in "The Green Bay Tree" goes so far as to make, in the dramatic grapple traditional for ages, one character a veterinary as pitted against the other, sensitive, beauty-loving, luxurious and charming, he presents a concocted combination or tangle that is nothing but sheer, raw theatre. It is precisely as Sudermann does in "Magda," where bringing the prima donna back from world triumphs for a grapple (limelit) with an aged, provincial, military-minded father is about like tying a cat and dog together by the tail: the evolutions and all are foregone. This is not, accordingly, high substance he is dealing with, and Mr. Harris has shown his intelligence by letting it go for what it is. The crises posited by the dramatist in the situation—such as Dulcy's telegram arriving after Julian has had three months of people trying to improve him, or the father's shooting his son's corrupter—Mr. Harris lets stand as frank theatre, intensifying them meanwhile to their full theatre values. This is not only shrewd stagecraft, but also one way whereby he protects the play from false claims to importance that would give it over to the theatre on the theatre's vulgar or trivial side.

Third. Obviously "The Green Bay Tree," though excellent theatre and most absorbing to watch, is not great drama. If, dealing with such matter as is involved, any of the characters had assumed for themselves more depth and for the play's subject more ambition, the result would be banal and cheap.

If the homosexual theme, with its unaccustomed stage possibilities, had been used crudely, the whole would be merely risqué or raw. If used singly, a great play would have been necessary to give it embodiment and point.

What the dramatist intends in these respects I cannot tell exactly; the theatre, in its search for sure-fire, wades easily into deep waters; and Mr. Shairp is well screened by the objectivity that he adopts, standing apart from the whole affair. Mr. Harris' achievement lies in an equal rounding of the whole. The domination of personality, culture, arts, sexual psychology, crude inner workings, beauty, grubbiness, et cetera, are all, in his production of this play, seen in scale. He keeps the characters' emotions and motivations in a certain blend of pressure. To an amazing extent he thus destroys all pretense in the play; he allows the theatrical its plain and frank exhibition; and assigns to the whole its due, but not specious, plane of intellectual or spiritual significance—to be distinguished from its remarkable emotional effects. The tone and taste arrived at in dealing with this play seemed to me unique in our theatre. Our theatre, with its energy, its willingness to oblige like a prostitute by the moment, and its lack of any general meaning, needs most of all things (and understands least) this landscaping and subordination within a decision and perspective. Another word for all that is "civilized."

Not to be too solemn, and remembering always that this piece is what the French would class only as good *théatre,* I may say that all the five roles making up the "The Green Bay Tree" are very fine parts to create. I am not sure—recalling how Mr. Noel Coward, of the willing deeper playwrights, tossed off in "The Vortex" subject matter that would have cracked the brains of Ibsen—as to the extent to which the dramatist himself knew this, beyond mere stage chiaroscuro; but I am sure that Mr. Harris does, however much he may have left these roles at the pitch capable to the actors and, perhaps, to the play. Mr. Heggie, as often, is good for the minute and bad for the half-hour, much less for the whole play. He has not realized it, apparently, but the role is superb. Old Owen is in a way the main destiny in the drama of "The Green Bay Tree": the others step aside, one way or another, he stays. In him the circle of life turns, from the sale of his son to the atonement in killing the man who will corrupt him. Owen's reform, violent fanaticism of atonement and religious indulgence are the foil to Mr. Dulcimer's self-knowledge, cynical pattern for living and hedonistic clarity. Mr. James Dale should go on lessening his pointless stridency in many places. Mr. Harris has cleverly employed this actor's capabilities by leading him to dance against the beat as it were. What Mr. Dale needs now is to sort his effects, make each count in a given kind of passage—for example he uses the same barking, airy staccato for full moments of reaction to sharp emotion that he does for an idyllic description of the pretty days at his country house. At present, nevertheless, his performance helps greatly by keeping the situation from the morbid and from any depths not guaranteed by the play as written. Miss Jill Esmond has been well placed on the stage and well set off during all her scenes; but she has not explored her role; her scenes with old Owen are a great chance for any discerning actress. And, as Miss Esmond does her scenes, you cannot tell whether the actress herself has decided on how much the character she plays is talking like a fool or when her self-confidence and strength are only blind and stupid ego-

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tism. Mr. Leo. G. Carroll, as Trump, who has to understand a great deal in that establishment, plays a curiously elusive role both wittily and soundly.

As for Mr. Laurence Olivier's Julian, it is a long time since so subtle, fluent and fine a performance of a younger role has been seen in this town. All the characters in "The Green Bay Tree" are tragic. Old Owen's could supply the "metaphysical comfort" attributed to such tragic roles as Lear (for even in prison he is not lost) if only Mr. Heggie—if—. The role of Julian, however, is that of a fluent, lovely element—what Dionysus meant in Greek—by which life avenges itself on the three others, with—despite their character and outline—their several kinds of setness or barren denials. They all want Julian, but each wants him not in Julian's but in his or her own pattern. Of them all Julian, because he never comes into any form, is least vulnerable. The moral of this *particular* play, if it were a great play, would be that there is no moral, only life, flowing, attracting, responding, destroying, Dionysian and consuming. And, otherwise, these others in the play, Dulcimer, reformed Evangelist Owen, dog doctor, resolute Leonora, since they cannot get life the way they like it, will have to like it the way they get it. To know how delicate, moving, securely slight and varied Mr. Olivier's performance of this role is, you would have to see it.

I must repeat that Mr. Harris has presented in this production what our theatre most needs: the proper respect for our intelligence that lies in a separation between what is theatre and what is significant. And even rarer, a unity of tone.

STARK YOUNG.

Pigs and Sheriffs

OF ALL the hundreds of sound newsreels I have seen, about one out of a thousand has indicated that the cameraman was on the spot when hell actually broke loose. And so the Pathé newsreel recently shown of a riot in Ambridge, Pennsylvania, is not only hair-raising in itself but a rare example of what history looks like when she is being poured red hot from the ladle. It is only three minutes long, but it ought to be shown, several times, to all the millions of stockholders and comfortable people who believe that there is a Something called Law and Order which must be preserved at all costs.

A mean street in a grim industrial town. The sidewalk on the far side of the street from the camera is crowded with men. Many of them have long sticks in their hands. They are pickets and, so far as one can see, peaceful pickets (you are a peaceful picket until somebody hits you—but I anticipate). Down the street come marching two hundred men with white bands about their arms. Some of them carry sticks and clubs, some of them guns, a few are policemen in uniform. They are deputy sheriffs. The camera leaves them, still marching, and turns toward the pickets on the sidewalk. A man in a dark suit comes forward, the sheriff himself, O'Loughlin. He faces the strikers. He is talking to them. He raises one hand. We can't hear him, but he is probably urging them to "disperse." Half a dozen pickets step off the curb and crowd about him, arguing. A taller man in a light suit joins the sheriff. He is evidently angry. He talks violently to one of the pickets, then suddenly twists the stick out of the picket's hand. The picket stands there. We can't hear what he says, but he is not putting up any visible fight. Out of the tail of our eye we see the sheriff turning away and walking back out of the picture.

Then it happens. I find it hard to say precisely what happens, though I saw the film twice. It is like trying to describe a football play. But in this case I am sure which side carried the ball: I think I could swear in court that the deputies went after the pickets. From the street, men cross the curb and begin to jostle the pickets. Sticks rise in the air. Suddenly the air is full of sticks rising and falling, and all at once the pickets begin running to the left along the sidewalk. For split seconds I can see sticks falling on particular men, and arms raised to protect heads which I cannot see. Then, in the extreme corner, is a brief scene all the more brutal for being only incompletely visible: an arm, and a stick at the end of it, and a white head, at the other end of the stick, retreating, falling . . . the air is full of confused cries.

The camera turns in the other direction. The strikers are running, as tamely as commuters for a train, the deputies stand in the street and shoot. One policeman, all alone in the middle of the street, jams his gun and yanks at it. . . .

Close to the corner of a house lies a man, his head hidden, his legs helplessly close together. He is dead.

Sheriff O'Loughlin, serious and almost embarrassed, faces the camera and talks: "I am sorry that this thing happened. I done all in my power to stop it. I coaxed and pleaded with men to get out of the picket line. They refused to do it and called me all kinds of names and I had to take action because the law must be enforced."

Down the empty street someone is carrying away the dead body, slung across his back so that its coat-tails have fallen down over its head and shoulders.

Whatever else it is remembered for, this year will go down in film history as the year when Walt Disney's "Three Little Pigs" swept the country like a gay prairie fire, and citizens went about whistling "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?" Advertisers, clergymen, editorial writers, have seized upon the pigs and the wolf as symbols of all sorts of things—of thrift, security, good government and Buy Now. The secret of the pigs' success is probably less easily explicable: here is a piece of delightful, tuneful nonsense, a comic, light-hearted, irresistible nursery story that has nothing to do with any of the things we are thinking about. I refuse to carve up the pigs in search of a Deep Meaning. I cannot get the pigs, or the tune, out of my head, and I don't want to.

At the Little Carnegie in New York City can be seen the latest film by that master of the light touch, René Clair. It is called "Quatorze Juillet," and tells a pleasant but by no means extraordinary story of Paris streets, of taxi-drivers, concierges, girls, crooks, dogs and genial drunks in evening dress with a gayety and a madly fertile comic genius which make most Hollywood humor seem the labor of a gag-ridden elephant. Other films of René Clair's have been more original as a whole—"A Nous la Liberté" for instance—and in the case of "Quatorze Juillet" it is the

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trimmings that enchant one rather than the tree itself.

Spontaneity is one of the hardest qualities to get into a talkie, and one of the first to leak out of it. Even in a good humorous film, one often has a sense of the rails along which it is running, of the weariness of the actors repeating a scene for the twentieth time, of the furrowed brows of the scenario and dialogue writers chewing their cigars and trying to think up a good one. René Clair can somehow keep the soufflé from falling in, the champagne from going flat. And that is not because soufflés and champagne are peculiarly French products: some of the heaviest films in the world have come from France.

The secret of this special inventiveness and light-heartedness is his own. But—without knowing in the least under what conditions he produces his films—isn't it possible that René Clair is able to bring off some of his unbeatable effects because he is his own boss, because his ideas are not sifted and edited and conferenced and memorandumed by all the cog-wheel directorates, the supervising, yessing and oh-no-noing busibodiness and timidity of a big Hollywood organization? ROBERT LITTELL.

A COMMUNICATION

Consumers, Unite!

SIR: The problem of organizing consumers demands a new approach. Conservative, liberal and radical social thinkers have heretofore been immersed in the idea that control is inseparable from ownership. Several authoritative studies, however, indicate that control and ownership are separable in our corporate economic life and that those who control, not those who own, exercise the dominant power over property.

This principle can also be applied for the benefit of consumers. The products of industry in themselves have no economic value unless consumers can be made to buy them. The consumers, therefore, if effectively organized, can control the quality, price and availability of its products, and through those means the policies of industry. Mere efforts to awaken consumers through narrow emphasis on quality and price are insufficient. So is regulation. They obscure the principle of control, which must be made plain to consumers before they will band together in their own behalf.

Many advocates of consumers' rights, other than certain coöperatives composed of wage earners or farmers, have also neglected the interrelationship between producers and consumers. In an overwhelming majority of cases the producer and the consumer and his family are the same persons. The worker, through the control exercised by his union, increases his wages. As a consumer he loses that measure of control over his income. This is becoming particularly acute under the N.R.A.

To avoid profiteering, the administration established a Consumers' Advisory Board and a Consumers' Counsel. Regulation requires strict and uniform cost accounting in each industry under government supervision, for the publication of unfair prices or practices or prosecutions for profiteering must be based on such cost accounting. But even if regulation is successful it must in the very nature of things lag far behind current needs of consumer protection. The problem of consumer protection without the consumers themselves being organized cannot therefore be solved from the top down. Furthermore, if labor, whose rights to organize are guaranteed by the N.R.A., is unable as yet to enforce them effectively, how can the unorganized consumers protect their rights, which are not so clearly defined and empowered?

Consumers can be organized if immediate control of their interests as consumers is emphasized. In fifty years fifteen times more trade unionists than coöperators have been permanently organized. And in industrial centers they embraced pretty much the same people. The continuity of trade unions is based on their emphasis for immediate control of the workers' incomes. But consumers' coöperatives, advocating social ownership first, have had a high death rate or limited growth and influence. Their growth and number would have been greater if they had advocated control first rather than ownership.

Because first there must be local organization before genuine consumer control can be achieved, a coöperative club is established in the community. The club is composed of wage earners, housewives, professional and salaried workers, and in rural communities, dirt farmers, as they are the groups that need such protection the most. Those who are engaged in the traditional acquisitive occupations of relieving the consumers of their earnings have no more place in a genuine consumers' organization than has a saloonkeeper in a trade union.

Membership dues defray the club's expenses and make possible investigations into foods, clothing, fuel and even milk and housing. Its activities are directed by executive, research, education and membership committees. A competent member is selected as purchasing agent. Members of these committees are chosen whenever possible for their technical and economic knowledge and practical abilities. To ensure loyal service the purchasing agent and important committee members are disqualified from taking part in any activity affecting a particular commodity, service or project in which they, their relatives, friends or associates are in any manner financially interested.

The club is affirmative in character and positive in action. It makes surveys of specific commodities and services. It watches local prices. It investigates the products with the aid of organizations genuinely interested in the consumers' welfare. It may discover that some are too highly priced. That others are quite dangerous to use or not worth having at any price. Others, it finds, are useful, safe and economical. The club then *bargains collectively* for the best of these products. A periodic check for continuing quality and price is made by the club's research committee. The facts are published for the protection of local consumers. It is an organized educational and economic bloc.

These consumers have greater power in relation to their numbers than they would have as organized wage earners. When as employees they demand higher wages the employer considers himself as their paymaster. As organized consumers, they are his paymasters. The bargaining process has been reversed.

The club can deal with anyone. It can also refuse to do so. It may even place a product or service on the "Consumers' Unfair List." This method has proved ef-

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fective under more limited circumstances in the trade-union movement. The economic interests of its members compel them to recognize the labor and social conditions under which products or services they use are produced.

In problems of greater magnitude, such as its milk supply, the local club will need the coöperation of similar organizations in other communities. Because of their exploitation as producers, farmers in many districts are organized for self-protection. It should not be difficult for consumers and farmers to work together to their mutual advantage. In one instance known to the writers such action on the part of organized consumers and farmers is already taking shape.

With consumers organized on the basis of control at the point of consumption as well as at the point of production the true economic squeeze can be applied with telling effect.

E. J. LEVER AND J. J. SCHALET.

New York City.

CORRESPONDENCE

Marse Henry's Successor

SIR: May I say that it is too bad that in commenting on the "shoddy activity" of the Louisville, Kentucky, Courier Journal and Times [The New Republic, November 1] you failed to add that both of these newspapers are wholly owned by Robert W. Bingham, Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

BERNARD FLEXNER.

New York City.

Who Is the Dreamer?

SIR: The implication of Jonathan Mitchell's article in your issue of October 18, entitled "Utopia—Tennessee Valley Style," was that the author took a practical and realistic attitude, in contrast to Mr. Morgan's theoretical and highly idealistic approach, to the problems of the Tennessee Valley. If one will probe a little below the superficiality of this implication he will see that the exact opposite is in fact the case.

Both Mr. Morgan and Jonathan Mitchell agree that the Tennessee Valley Authority has the power and is intended to embark on some sort of economic planning. Mr. Mitchell believes that the planning should consist of "shrewd guesswork" as to "what function, in the national economy, the Tennessee Valley ought to fulfill," and of developing that function. Mr. Morgan believes, on the other hand, if I understand him correctly, that the Tennessee Valley should develop its industrial life in such a way that it is not merely a single cog in the national economy, but so that it is as nearly as is generally feasible a complete machine in itself. Obviously it cannot be a complete economic entity, but it can be made less dependent on the ups and downs of the rest of the country than if it were a single cog in a big machine over which it can have no control.

The difference in the attitude of the two gentlemen is simply this: Mr. Mitchell is enough of an optimist to believe that economic planning for the nation is just around the corner, and that the T.V.A., therefore, should bend its energies toward fitting the Valley for an important position in the new national plan. Mr. Morgan, however, does not dare to bank on a plan for America, and he feels that if he is to do planning it will have to be done in the Tennessee Valley. To develop and depend upon one function in a highly uncontrolled and unplanned industrial country (to be integrated right after the always imminent revolution), seems to him to be building on quicksand. Which gentleman is an airy dreamer?

Columbus, O. RUFUS E. MILES, JR.

Most Melancholy

SIR: Mr. Stark Young, in his recent article, "Poetry of Defense" [The New Republic, November 1], quoting the Simonides poem, said Marathon when he meant, of course, Thermopylae. The point in the argument was not affected; but his communication about it takes this occasion to become one more familiar grudge against education. Was he not cursed with being taught in school:

> Go, traveler, to Sparta tell
> That here obeying her we fell,

and was not everyone? Reading the proof of the article he was so terrified lest the Greek type go wrong and a professor write him of it, that he let the Marathon pass; and this had got there because every time he says the Simonides lines over to himself, as the finest short poem he knows, he immediately thinks of that appalling school version, which ruins the tenses, brings in the ladies, speeds on the traveler, handles the case too aggressively. Then, defending the school, come those other fine lines: "The mountains look on Marathon," and so we lie here.

New York City. STARK YOUNG.

SIR: Apropos of Stark Young's clever article on Horace Gregory's article concerning Shelley, allow me to remark that to say St. Francis "came out of a monastery" is hardly less absurd than to ascribe "Prometheus Bound" to Sophocles.

VIDA D. SCUDDER.

Wellesley, Mass.

[N. B. I should have said St. Francis founded an order of monasteries: worse disputatious acrimony from him; better gynecology from us, since few monks became mothers.—S. Y.]

Attention, Photographers!

SIR: The Workers' Film and Photo League of New York City will hold a nationwide photo exhibit, "America Today," beginning November 15. This show will set forth the present condition of the United States—social, economic, political. Prints have already begun flowing in, but we need many more. We invite all American photographers, professional and amateur, to contribute to this new departure in photo shows—the composite picture of a nation.

Industry, farmers, unemployment, child labor, militarism, political speakers and picket lines, bread lines and dress parades are a few suggested topics. Pictures will be accepted up to November 15, but contributors are urged to act earlier in order to facilitate the work of selection, mounting and hanging undertaken by the exhibition committee. Prints of any size will be acceptable. Send them to Workers' Film and Photo League, Exhibition Committee, 220 East Fourteenth Street, New York City. The exhibition is sponsored by Margaret Bourke White, Philip Stern, Louis Lozowick, Ralph Steiner, Walker Evans, Bernice Abbott, Hugo Gellert, Greenleaf Lewis and Jacob Burck.

S. GREENBLATT, Chairman,
Exhibition Committee.

New York City.

Extracts from Letters

MISS Jane Terrill, who is in the advertising department of Longmans, Green and Company of New York City, is provoked by Rebecca West's review of "Edward VII," which we printed in our September 27 issue. Miss Terrill dubs the review a product of the "irrelevant school of criticism." She believes that Miss West used the review simply as a vehicle to unload her own ideas on our helpless readers. This tendency, Miss Terrill declares, is unfortunately not restricted to Miss West, but crops up in the reviews of other critics. When they "get through with an author the conclusion usually is that he was dumb to presume to write a book in the first place, when it could have done so much better by the reviewer."

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

No Prophet

MR. G. D. H. COLE refuses to be a prophet. His new book[1] (written in collaboration with his wife) gives even less space to the future of Europe than it does to the past: it is a clear, sober picture of the disorder reigning in Europe today. One might call it an encyclopedia in miniature. Governments, populations, natural resources, finance, industries in crisis, political systems in conflict, international relations and their promise of war—here in six hundred closely printed pages is everything one needs to know about the Europe that precariously exists between yesterday's blunders and the disasters of tomorrow.

For, though Mr. Cole refuses to prophesy, his picture gives forth the smell of doom. He writes objectively, dispassionately, in a flat style tending toward understatement, and yet he conveys a feeling of growing apprehension. It is as if the author was laboring under the burden of being the last sane man in a world of desperate lunatics. Everywhere he turns, except toward the Soviet Union, he sees Europe trying to destroy itself. Some thirty independent states, most of them poor in natural resources, all of them unbalanced economically, are trying to live as self-contained nations, when it is obvious that under modern conditions no nation can be self-contained. Some thirty countries are attempting to achieve a favorable balance of trade, each at the expense of every other country; they are simultaneously increasing their tariffs, their taxes and (with the one exception of Denmark) their armaments. Thirty nations are suffering from the economic disease of underconsumption, caused by the faulty distribution of purchasing power—and they are trying to cure it by measures that increase the maldistribution of wealth and destroy the ability to consume. One cannot escape the feeling that some day these thirty lunatics will rush at one another's throats and, in their madmen's riot, eradicate by fire, poison, steel and famine all the surviving elements of European civilization.

But Mr. Cole refuses to prophesy, confining himself to the task of charting today's confusion. As regards tomorrow, he is generally satisfied with those phrases dear to liberal journalism—"We must suspend judgment"—"It remains to be seen." Apparently he feels that this suspension of judgment is the attitude befitting a social scientist. The point, however, is open to argument. To a certain extent, a foreshadowing of the future is involved in any exact picture of the present. Europe today is not a mere equilibrium of things, a motionless landscape which, by some unknown agency, will be transformed tomorrow into a different but equally motionless landscape: it is a shifting disequilibrium of forces. If we hope to understand it even for a moment, we must attempt to measure these forces and chart their direction; we must trace them into the past in order to decide whether they are growing or diminishing; we must prolong them into the future in order to judge their present significance. A social scientist who does not try to foresee tomorrow is a questionable guide even for today.

And it wouldn't be fair to say that Mr. Cole entirely neglects the future. In spite of his refusal to be a prophet, he half-assumes the role in a final chapter of twenty-four pages devoted to "The European Outlook." Here he says clearly that Europe is faced with the choice between socialism and chaos. He is silent, however, about the steep path that descends toward the latter, and becomes distressingly vague in discussing the steps that rise toward socialism.

He believes that the capitalist system is doomed eventually, but can see no convincing reason why it should not recover from the present depression. High debts, low prices, international restrictions on trade, the war danger—these are formidable obstacles to recovery, but they are not insuperable. The real difficulty is that, even should these obstacles be overcome, Europe would only be back where it was in 1923, ready to resume its march toward a new crisis, toward sharper national rivalries, toward war. Neither a planned nor an unplanned capitalism can solve the final dilemma arising from "the inability of the present system to find means of distributing the volume of commodities which it is equipped to produce."

International socialism is the only solution: how can it be achieved? Mr. Cole agrees with the Communists negatively in holding that it will never be attained by a gradual process of evolution; he sharply disagrees in his choice of positive tactics. He does not believe that any Communist party will succeed in converting the middle classes, which he regards as the strongest element in the nations of Western Europe. If capitalism utterly collapses, these classes may turn fascist, as in Germany; but Mr. Cole asserts that the question "is rather what the attitude of the middle-class groups is likely to be in a struggle between capitalist and socialist forces carried on under a capitalist system still comparatively healthy and strong." He thinks that a majority might embrace socialism, which would then triumph without bloodshed, by strictly parliamentary means. But, "The appropriate organization of the new states of the transition period and of the new Society which is to arise out of this period will have to depend on the circumstances under which the transition actually occurs, and not on any preconceived theory of the detailed strategy of the advance toward socialism."

At this crucial point, Mr. Cole refuses to prophesy. At this point where the reader demands clarity and simplicity, Mr. Cole writes a sentence of fifty-two words, loosely constructed, repetitious, deliberately vague in meaning—and goes on to other topics. But the heart of the whole discussion lies precisely at this point. Granted that parliamentary institutions survive in France and Great Britain—granted that capitalism there remains strong and healthy until the majority of the middle classes has become Socialist or Laborite—granted that these parties coöperate in keeping capitalism healthy—granted that this coöperation does not lose them half the support of the working classes, as it did in Germany—granted that they are finally able to form a ministry (and this is easier to admit than some of the other conditions)—what happens then? Does a mere socialist ministry suffice to create international socialism? It never has done so in the past: will the new ministry adopt stronger tactics? Will the Socialists fight their enemies (and by what methods), or will they yield once more to an opposition that is quite as willing to win by machine guns as to win by votes? And if they yield, where then will Europe turn to avoid disaster?

At this point, refusing to be a prophet or even an original

[1] The Intelligent Man's Review of Europe Today, by G. D. H. Cole and Margaret Cole. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 665 pages. $3.

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thinker, Mr. Cole is speaking as a rank and file member of the British Labor party. No wonder he ends his book with an expression of doubt—"Whether the forces making for cosmopolitan socialism will be strong enough to build up the new society before disaster overtakes the people of Europe—that remains to be seen"—and a pious resolve—"We can only hope and strive to bring this about: we cannot confidently predict success." MALCOLM COWLEY.

Hitler's Battle Begins

My Battle, by Adolf Hitler. Abridged and translated by E. T. S. Dugdale. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 307 pages. $3.

THERE is no doubt about the nature of fascism. Fascism represents the characteristic method by which the capitalists and landlords are seeking to perpetuate their system; to hold out against the forces of revolt which, in spite of everything, are being generated by the ever growing instability of the capitalist system of production. Fascist parties are created by the dominant groups of capitalists in one country after another in order to destroy by violence the organizations by means of which alone the workers can make their will effective, *viz.*, the trade unions, the coöperative societies and the working-class political parties. It must not be supposed, however, that this process occurs with the neatness, precision and full self-consciousness with which a capitalist board of directors engages a new sales manager. At no moment in the past ten years did the German capitalists hold a board meeting and decide to engage Herr Hitler to creast a fascist party for them. Nor did Hitler himself ever suppose that he had been "hired" by the capitalists. On the contrary, he probably considered that he was helped by the financial support of certain patriotic Germans who, fortunately, commanded the financial resources necessary to the success of his campaign.

It is important to make this distinction clear, since our descriptions and definitions of fascism too often seem to imply a mechanical and oversimplified account of recent history which is unconvincing to all those who have a sufficient knowledge of the facts.

For example: Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf," of which the present volume is a heavily bowdlerized translation, is an excellent self-exposure of the German fascists as the praetorian guards of German monopoly-capitalism. But it also shows the indirect, semi-conscious, more or less confused way in which a fascist movement comes into being as the result, not of a "plot" by a particular group of capitalists, but of the sum total of the social forces existing in the state at a given time. And these social forces, which give birth to fascism, include, as an indispensable factor, the weakness, blindness and treachery of those who control the working-class organizations. We can follow in these revealing pages the whole process of how Hitler, this man of very limited reasoning power, but of startling gifts and limitless energy, became quite naturally and inevitably the focusing point for all the heterogeneous forces which could be used to assail the organizations of the German workers.

The earlier chapters of the book recount the formation of Hitler's mind. We get an unforgettable glimpse of the "mental climate" in which a young, penniless bourgeois lived and had his being immediately before the War. We almost smell the hot Vienna cafés, and we do have repeated to us the jumbled, contradictory talk, the torn scraps and tatters of the politics, economics and philosophy of the great bourgeois world, which seeped down through all the bourgeois-dominated layers of the population. It was an indispensable consolation to members of the "shabby-genteel" class to which Hitler belonged to feel that they were discussing the high politics of the Hapsburg and the Hohenzollern empires; to criticize the Austrian alliance, or the quarrel with England, and thus to feel that they too were taking their part in controling the destiny of empires. Above all, it was necessary to their self-esteem to share in the hatreds of their masters. Above all, it was important to be able to look down on somebody; and look down the young Hitler did upon two classes of people—the workers and the Jews. He tells us quite frankly what was his personal contribution to the outlook of his circle. It was simply to amalgamate these two objects of dislike. "Now that I realized," he writes, "the Jews as the leaders of Social Democracy, scales, as it were, began to fall from my eyes. My long mental struggle was at an end."

It was. Hitler's views were founded on the basis of this pathetic little scrap of false social observation, and they have never altered. Hitler has retained the narrowest, most primitive prejudices of the petty bourgeois. He has believed unshakably and sincerely, with his whole soul, everything which it is most convenient for the great capitalists that the petty bourgeoisie and, if possible, the workers should believe. And he has had, for his undeviating virtue, the highest rewards which his masters can bestow. In a dozen places the book reveals how clearly Hitler saw his own role as a new political organizer for all the capitalist interests; as the man who by new methods could, if he was only given the chance, "deliver the goods."

His attack on parliamentarianism is particularly interesting in this connection. "There is hardly anything so depressing," he writes, "as to watch all that goes on in Parliament in its sober reality and to have to look on at that constantly repeated betrayal." Betrayal of what, we wonder? The next sentence tells us. "Such intellectual soil is not likely to produce strength in the camp of the bourgeois to fight the organized forces of Marxism." Hitler's objection to Parliament is here plainly stated—he does not consider that Parliament is any longer an effective instrument for the bourgeoisie in their class struggle against the workers.

The latter chapters of the book are of great importance to the world today. Hitler severely criticizes the foreign policy of the pre-war German government for clumsily antagonizing the whole world, instead of so arranging matters that Germany might be able to strike down her rivals, first France, then England, then Russia, for example, one by one. The foreign policy of a National Socialist Germany will, he says, be much more subtle and clever. A National Socialist Germany "must," he writes, "ascertain who its most dangerous opponents are, so as to strike at them with all its concentrated force." Meanwhile, the less dangerous opponents should be acquired as allies. "By howling against five or ten states . . . we are sacrificing the possibility of acquiring strength by means of alliances for the final struggle." Nor does Hitler fail to descend from the general to the particular. He advocates in so many words a temporary alliance with England and Italy—"Then that alliance would make Germany able to make the preparations in peace and quiet, which, within the bounds of such a coalition, would have to be taken for a settlement with France."

If this is, and the events of recent weeks have shown that it is, the foreign policy of the new Germany, we cannot feel that the helmsmen of the German capitalists have made much progress in subtlety and cleverness. Could there be anything more hopelessly, more Prussianly, naïve, than to

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inform three enemy states that you now intend to make an alliance with two of them, in order to crush the third, as a preparation for a final struggle for world domination? And, in the event, Hitler's foreign policy has put "God and the rest of the world," to use his phrase, in a terrified but bristling coalition against Germany with a rapidity which neither Prince von Bülow nor Herr Bethmann-Hollweg ever attained. No, Herr Hitler, these were not the methods of Lloyd George or the other allied leaders whom you so greatly admire. Edward Grey never wrote books in which he informed the world which of her rivals Great Britain proposed to attack first. Hitler's battle has only just begun.

JOHN STRACHEY.

Fiction by Young and Old

Winner Take Nothing, by Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Long Pennant, by Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

After Such Pleasures, by Dorothy Parker. New York: The Viking Press. $2.25.

One More River, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

WHY WAS the arrival of Hemingway such an exciting event for readers of his lost generation? Now that he and they have grown a little older it is easier to see why. Hemingway's generation was very sorry for itself. (In its own language, it had a right to be.) The adolescent outlook on the world is apt to be bitter, and that generation's world was a *reductio ad absurdum*, a pointless joke. Grown-ups too have been adolescents once, and although they cannot altogether remember what it was like, they can be reminded into sympathy—though of course they take a superior attitude if they can. Hemingway made that superior attitude rather difficult for them; he expressed his generation's bitter adolescence in a way that even grown-ups had to take seriously. But what we are now beginning to see is that it was, after all, an expression of adolescence. We see it more clearly because Hemingway continues to express it.

The War is over, the hospitals are filled with other wrecks, the graveyards with even newer dead. But Hemingway, like a football player who after graduation continues to see life in terms of off-tackle plays, hitting the line and going down under a punt, still writes in terms of an experience which, to its survivors at least, cannot be considered final. His values are still the oversimplified, bachelor values of wartime. Not everything he writes is about the War, but for readers of other generations than Hemingway's the present collection might well have taken the title of one of its stories: "A Way You'll Never Be." To give his peacetime stories as strong a flavor as war rations, Hemingway has had to go nearly as far afield as Faulkner. Some of his current subjects (Lesbianism, insomnia, castration, syphilis) are the kind of abnormalities that fascinate adolescence but really have very little to do with the price of our daily bread.

And what about Hemingway's people? They are impressive simply because he never looks at them directly. If it were not for this oblique gaze, which invests them with a sinister importance, they would often seem pretty ordinary. As they are shown to us, however, they act and talk with the conscious irony of superior people moving irresistibly through swarms of shadowy inferiors. To what gallery are they playing? And where have we seen their like before? Sensitive adolescents whose feelings have been hurt take refuge and revenge in ruthless imaginary adventures, often fatal to themselves but always obscurely heroic. The winner may take nothing (in fact, he may glory in it), but he is still the winner. Hemingway has put that adolescent into American literature.

This may sound like an attack on Hemingway, and it is. I think he is one of the few exciting writers we have, and that consequently we ought to see, if we can, what all the excitement is about. And I think that what it is about is adolescence. I have purposely not echoed any of the obvious congratulations nor mentioned any of the remaining facts: such as that "After the Storm" is an almost magical story, of the kind that will haunt a reader for years; nor that all "Penrod" enthusiasts should be made to read "A Day's Wait."

You may argue about whether Hemingway's characters are grown-up or not, but such a question would never arise in a discussion of Oliver La Farge. His people are simply literary inventions, and no one cares about their mental states. "Long Pennant" is good melodrama, a yarn about the crew of an American privateer in the War of 1812 and how some of them were shipwrecked and finally got home to Rhode Island in spite of some noble savages and the sailors' delights of New Orleans. It gives you the agreeable sensation of being entertained by a tale that is brightly colored but not too garish, American enough to make you mildly proud but not so American that it makes you uneasy. Mr. La Farge is the kind of author whom older and settled authors approve of: his books will not upset anybody; they are well written and guaranteed emotionally harmless.

Of Dorothy Parker little can be said that has not been said already. She is a member of that same "younger generation" which any day now may find itself shoved into middle age. It is a generation that ought never to grow old, for the old are not smart. Like other American humorists (I hope it is not blasphemy to number her among them) Dorothy Parker is never purely funny; she makes more sense than nonsense, and gets her laughs by exaggerating the tragic grimace. Specializing as she does in the humor of heartbreak she is sometimes led astray into sentimental byways. Again like other humorists, she cannot be content to raise a laugh; she wants to make us weep as well. Within her narrower limits she is as faithful a reporter of common speech as the late Ring Lardner, but her seriously intended stories are not on a par with the best of his. "After Such Pleasures" is a mixed collection of the grimly gay and the gayly grim. There's no law against enjoying a good cry, if that's what you want; but most readers will prefer Dorothy Parker in her motley garb, in such a story, for example, as "Here We Are," where she exhibits a classic honeymoon couple to the unquenchable laughter of all who have been through it.

There are a great many Americans who would say without any hesitation that the late John Galsworthy is a "greater" writer than Ernest Hemingway. If you got them in a corner they might admit that Galsworthy was perhaps not *really* "great," but they would point to the Nobel Prize, to "The Forsyte Saga," to the widespread reverence his name arouses; they would ask you to explain all that. There is a louder minority which would think it ridiculous to compare such an old fuss-budget with "a real writer." The truth of the matter is that both Hemingway and Galsworthy are "serious" writers. But Galsworthy, like our own Struthers Burt, is serious about the social individual; he incessantly reminds us that we should play the game according to the rules (which are very

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Anglo-Saxon, very public-school-spirited rules). His last, and posthumous novel, the continuation to a happy ending of Dinny Cherrell's unhappy love-affair with a poet who was not also a true-blue English gentleman, is earmarked Galsworthy on every earnest page. Galsworthy's view of life and Hemingway's are perhaps not so dissimilar as they appear. To both of them life is a kind of game, to be played for its own sake, and according to rule (Hemingway's is "grace under pressure"). But Galsworthy's players are middle-aged boys, Hemingway's are boys who are old before their time. Give me the adolescents.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Sara Teasdale's Last Poems

Strange Victory, by Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company. 37 pages. $1.

LYRIC poetry, however deeply felt and felicitously contrived, nowadays falls dangerously near the line dividing the romantic nostalgia and mock heroics of the nineteenth century from more complicated and turbulent contemporary writing. The taste which cherished the simple lyric cry of grief, ecstasy or regret written into a sonnet or a series of quatrains has given way; modern ears demand a more complicated stimulus. It is practically impossible for a poet to express simply and without apology or *blague* direct emotion concerning his own passions and his intimations of the universe at large. The human heart would seem to be outmoded; the eye of eternity has become an intellectual instead of a metaphysical concept. Yeats puts his later songs into the mouths of crazed maidens and fools.

"Strange Victory," Sara Teasdale's last book, published posthumously, is the final expression of a purely lyrical talent and of a poetic career remarkable for its integrity throughout. An interval of more than twenty years separates Miss Teasdale's first book from her last. She correctly valued the quality of her talent from the start. Her matter—the record of a sensitive and gifted woman's emotions—was always rendered with clarity and justice definitely within the limits of her manner. Her range was far less wide than Emily Dickinson's: she never permitted herself any break with form or any flights into speculation; on the other hand, she added to a poetic equipment inherited in part from Emily Brontë and Christina Rossetti qualities peculiar to herself; a frankness of attack utterly lacking in her forerunners.

Miss Teasdale's sensibilities were completely sincere and therefore could function with freedom under the canons of her art. The pure lyric gift is notoriously narrow but notoriously strict as well. Its effects are based upon a true, subtle and naïve ear, and upon intensity rather than complexity of emotion. It is a medium that requires sincerity both in feeling and expression; inflation, cleverness and falsity show up only too plainly under its simple but inflexible demands. Sara Teasdale's poetry reflected, without distortion, every emotional change in her life from youth to late maturity. The two halves of her talent were delicately adjusted to one another to the end; her manner became clearer as her emotions became more calm. And because she had absolute faith in her own gift, she could eliminate from her work every effect of rhetoric. The twenty-two lyrics in her last book are poems reduced to the simplest terms. If a contemporary audience for lyric poetry may be postulated, the moving simplicity of these final poems must delight any responsive ear therein.

LOUISE BOGAN.

Respectable Russia

World Revolution and the U.S.S.R., by Michael T. Florinsky. New York: The Macmillan Company. 264 pages. $2.

IF THE buying power of the world market decays, Russian socialism decays with it. Why? Because socialism waits on mechanization, and imports of foreign skill and material will be essential to mechanization in Russia for years to come. Imports, of course, must be paid for by exports to a world that can buy. Hence the damping down of the cry for world revolution with which the dictatorship of the proletariat began, hence the control of the U.S.S.R. foreign policy by the Five Year Plan and its successor.

This argument, dedicated to James T. Shotwell and picturing Stalinism as a Russian emigré understands it, is put forth in "World Revolution and the U.S.S.R." Dr. Florinsky shows Lenin dying on the eve of an epoch when the Bolshevik attitude to the world revolution was due to be reshaped, the struggle of giants that followed with Trotsky on the side of the angels and Stalin on the side of the day's need, Trotsky exiled and with him the doctrine of permanent revolution abroad as well as at home until a classless society is achieved, Stalin risen on the doctrine of "socialism in a single country." Litvinov's current offers of peace and coöperation to capitalist powers at London and Geneva follow logically. One is brought to the paradox cited by Mr. Walter Duranty in The New York Times: "The Bolshevist Kremlin today regards the growth of the revolutionary movement in Europe with real anxiety."

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LECTURES

THE NEW YORK PSYCHOANALYTIC INSTITUTE
324 West 86th Street
announces a lecture entitled
Psychoanalysis in Art and Literature
by Dr. GEORGE E. DANIELS
Friday, November 10th, at 8:30 P. M. Admission, $.75

GERMANY: BEHIND THE SCENE
will be described by
EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER
In a lecture "GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK"
Carnegie Hall, Saturday, November 11, at 8:45
Auspices of the Walden School.
Tickets on sale at Box Office of Carnegie Hall, 50 cents to $2.50.

L. I. D. SYMPOSIUM SERIES: The World Adrift
At New School for Social Research, 66 W. 12th Street, at 8:15 P. M.

Thursday, November 16th
RUSSIA, UNITED STATES AND JAPAN IN THE FAR EAST
Speakers: Nathaniel Peffer, Author; Charles Hodges, Professor, New York University; Hans Kohn, Author; B. Charney Vladeck.

Thursday, November 23rd
CUBA IN CHAOS
Speakers: Ventura S. Dellundo, active in ABC Society; Samuel Guy Inman, Professor, Columbia University; J. B. Matthews, Chairman of League Against War and Fascism, on special mission to Cuba.

Thursday, December 7th
GERMANY AND FASCISM IN EUROPE
Speakers: Reinhold Niebuhr, Professor, Union Theological Seminary; Oswald Garrison Villard, Editor, *The Nation;* Jay Lovestone, Secretary, Communist Party, Opposition; Siegfried Lifschitz.

Thursday, December 14th
TACTICS FOR COMBATING THE WAR DANGER
Speakers: Fenner Brockway, Secretary I. L. P.; Roger Baldwin, Director, American Civil Liberties Union; Norman Thomas, Socialist Leader.

LeRoy Bowman, Chairman of meetings.
Admission for Each Symposium, 60 cents; for series of Four, $1.75
Tickets at N. Y. Chapter, League for Industrial Democracy,
112 East 19th Street. ALgonquin 4-5865

The book provides ammunition to advocates of the recognition of Russia by the United States. The harmlessness of the Third International is assumed from the emptiness of some of its propaganda and from the fact that this "general staff of the world revolution" has called no congress in five years. Russia's need of foreign help, and the pacifism which is its consequence, are stressed. Those who want light on the outlook for socialism will find none here. Dr. Florinsky is interested in the reappearance of Russia as a Great Power, not in socialism. He belongs to a Russian generation condemned to guess at Russian significances from documents read in exile, offering to foreign interests such gleanings as will be acceptable. Sometimes a certain wistfulness escapes him at Russian phenomena viewed across a gulf. He finds "grandeur" and "a logical unity," for example, in Trotsky's doctrine of the permanent revolution. But his job is to prove that in 1933 Moscow cannot bear to look at Frankenstein or his monster.

GRIFFIN BARRY.

Books in Brief

SCIENCE

LIFE IN THE MAKING, by Alan Frank Guttmacher, with the assistance of Ellery Rand. *New York: The Viking Press. 309 pages. $2.75.*

Dr. Guttmacher is an associate in Obstetrics at Johns Hopkins University and—as this unusually readable volume amply proves—thoroughly competent to write about that curious world of superstition, fear, wonder and cruelty summed up in the words "sex" and "procreation." Those whose early studies in physiology were balked by the pale inadequacies of the chapters on "Reproduction" in the textbooks may here find generous stores of information on that subject, ranging all the way from primitive conceptions of childbirth to sex-determination theories, castration, transplantation, hermaphroditism, twins, triplets—and the most recent scientific findings with regard to such matters. The author writes with authority and good humor; his technical background enables him to poke fun at many a fantastic delusion (note especially the discussion on sterility, twins and sex determination), and his chapter on "Sexual Rhythms" shows that man, for all his dreams, is still very much on the side of the apes when he makes love. There are accounts of the sex hormones, necessarily brief and subject to change; case histories of artificial insemination that remind one of Aldous Huxley's fantasies in "Brave New World," and an exceptionally full chapter on multiple births—including the authenticated case of "Mrs. W. G. C.," a French woman who lived in Cleveland and in fifteen pregnancies had 42 children—most of whom died.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

CAPITALISM AT THE CROSSROADS: A Study of the Causes of the World Economic Crisis and a Proposal for Its Remedy, by Dr. Jan Loevenstein. *Prague: Orbis Publishing Company. 151 pages. Price not stated.*

The late Professor Loevenstein argues against those who would find the cause of the present economic crisis in monetary factors, and its remedy in a manipulation of money in a contrary direction. He aims to prove that this is primarily a crisis of underconsumption. The remedies which he proposes and which, he insists, must be international in character, are of two kinds: (1) palliative, for the suppression of panic by universal closing of the exchanges, and the encouragement of spending by public appeals; (2) permanent, by the suppression of unemployment. The latter end is to be accomplished primarily by a tax on technological progress, the proceeds of which would be employed by the state in creating work and in gradually passing over from private capitalism to state capitalism.

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TAMMANY AT BAY: A Fighter's Handbook, by James E. Finegan. *New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 289 pages. $2.*

James E. Finegan, a member of the New York Bar, organized the No-Deal Judiciary party in 1931 and formulated charges against Mayor Walker in 1932. This volume is a manual for the political fight against Tammany in the 1933 mayoralty campaign. Mr. Finegan amasses facts to prove the charges of graft, corruption and double-dealing that have been brought against the Hall, not only in the more remote past but during the Walker-McKee-O'Brien-Berry regime. He assesses the advantages of Tammany Hall—its organization, tradition of victories, ability to control political machinery, policy of splitting its opposition by financing dummy independents and its successful demagogy practised upon a gullible public. The disadvantage, of course, lies in its policy of graft and public neglect. In his final section Mr. Finegan outlines tactics to be employed in defeating Tammany. The opposition must be composed of political workers, not political climbers, it must be well organized and armed with facts that will permit a policy of continual and relentless exposure; Tammany must be kept on the defensive. Mr. Finegan's facts are well assessed and his program intelligent if judged within the narrow limits imposed by a program of mere reform.

Travel

ENGLAND, THEIR ENGLAND, by A. G. Macdonell. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 299 pages. $2.*

A shell-shocked young Scotch officer comes to London to try a literary career, and is commissioned to do a book about England. His search for the nature of the Englishman leads from Fleet Street hard at its morning beer through Evelyn Waugh-ous house parties, the cricket pitch, the golf course, the political fields of honor at Geneva. The innocent young hero is baffled until he hears the voice of the soil speak in a pub deep in the countryside. Sometimes the author's humor is not so devastating as he wants it to be; at times it is the exasperating, consciously bland humor of Punch. Macdonell is a modernist-baiter, an art-baiter, and otherwise a flogger of dead horses. But as long as he sees that fox hunters look like "the camels of Bactria who alone know the hundredth name of God," this doesn't really matter.

THE LAND OF FEAST AND FAMINE, by Helge Ingstad. *Translated from the Norwegian by Eugene Gay-Tifft. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 332 pages, illustrated. $3.50.*

Helge Ingstad traveled with a single companion into the Canadian barrens, the wastes in Arctic Canada which were lands of feast or famine for their human inhabitants, depending on the migrations of the caribou herds. He lived there four years, left his white companion to hunt with a tribe of Indians, and finally tried living alone. This book is the story of his adventures, told in an interesting but undistinguished fashion.

JUNGLE MEMORIES, by Henry Hurd Rusby. *New York: Whittlesey House. 401 pages. $3.50.*

Doctor Henry Hurd Rusby, professor of Botany, Physiology and Materia Medica at Columbia University since 1888, has sought for new plants with medicinal value in many parts of the world for nearly half a century, but he regards his trip down the Amazon in 1885 as the most interesting of his adventures—not only because of the wealth of new species that he encountered, but also because of his experiences with the treachery of that unbridled river and the dangers from poisonous insects, from reptiles and untamed Indians with which he was continually beset. His adventures are told as skillfully as those of Colonel Roosevelt on the River of Doubt, and the book is given special value through a series of appendices containing much information of interest to the student of anthropology, botany and ichthyology.

Fiction

THE GUN, by C. S. Forester, *Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.*

This neat little narrative of the Peninsular War tells how an 18-pounder cannon abandoned on a mountain road by a retreating

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Spanish army was cached by peasants, found by guerillas, requisitioned by stronger and stronger leaders, until it had become the nucleus of another army and an invincible siege gun. Mr. Forester makes his frame seem small because he has filled it so effectively.

PRIEST OR PAGAN, by John Rathbone Oliver. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.*

A boy with a birthmark well hidden at the "base of the spine" has two fathers, one in the flesh, the other in the spirit, one a tramp with Satanist predilections, the other a High Church clergyman. These two fill the 400 well printed pages with their struggle for the lad's soul. The book has that note of the Victorian tall tale which seems to be returning to fashion, and it is seasoned with mentions of diabolism and pederasty. The lack of art in divulging the plot makes its improbability stand out.

VANESSA, by Hugh Walpole. *New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.*

With this six-hundred-page novel, spread over the last fifty years or so of British history, Hugh Walpole's Herries Saga comes to its long-drawn-out conclusion. Mr. Walpole hopes that the four volumes will come to be read as one novel, a book twice as long as "Anthony Adverse." The present instalment concerns primarily the fortunes of Vanessa and Benjie, descendants of old Rogue Herries, cousins who have been lovers from childhood. Benjie is a nineteenth-century counterpart of the eighteenth-century Rogue. While engaged to Vanessa he becomes embroiled with another woman whom, in a mad moment, he marries. So Vanessa, instead of marrying the man she loves, becomes Lady Herries, wife of the old-maidish Ellis, another cousin and the head of this far-flung family so far as wealth and social position are concerned. After years of unhappiness and jealousy, Ellis goes mad and Vanessa flees to Benjie. Echoes from the earlier novels give the tale a nostalgic and sentimental tone. There is also a note of prophecy. Mr. Walpole has projected an ambitious family chronicle, worthy in its intention of Galsworthy or Thomas Mann or even Balzac. Why it fails so completely, so abjectly, it is impossible to consider in this short notice. And Mr. Walpole's work has ceased to call for longer discussion.

THE COMMISSAR OF THE GOLD EXPRESS, by V. Matveyev. *New York: International Publishers. $1.*

In a swiftly paced, episodic novel, Matveyev writes of an incident in the civil war following the Bolshevik revolution of November, 1917, when the gold reserve was evacuated from Sverdlovsk by the Red Guard, and the government express, surrounded by enemies on every side, was routed back to the Urals, where the treasure was hidden in an abandoned mine until it could be transported to Moscow with less risk of capture. Matveyev's story is crammed with action and excitement; the style is dry, staccato and objective.

Contributors

THURMAN ARNOLD, a professor of Law at Yale University, is the author of various articles in legal periodicals and a contributor to the Yale Review and to the Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences. In the cases involving the constitutionality of the A.A.A. he represented that agency before the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia and the federal district court in San Francisco.

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, a law student at the University of Oregon, spent last summer touring in Germany. He is a staff writer on The Portland Oregonian.

ROBERT LITTELL, formerly literary editor of The New Republic and columnist for The New York World, is at present contributing to various magazines in this country.

E. J. LEVER is a member of the International Association of Machinists and president of Coöperative Distributors, Inc.

J. J. SCHALET is an ttorney and Secretary-Treasurer of Coöperative Distributors, Inc.

JOHN STRACHEY, who is now lecturing in this country, is the author of "The Coming Struggle for Power" and of "The Menace of Fascism" which Covici, Friede brought out this fall.

T. S. MATTHEWS, literary editor of Time, is the author of "To the Gallows I Must Go."

LOUISE BOGAN, author of two books of verse and a frequent contributor to The New Yorker, Poetry and other magazines, recently returned from Europe where she has been doing creative writing on a Guggenheim Fellowship.

GRIFFIN BARRY has visited Russia five times, once before and during the revolution as special assistant to the American Ambassador, twice later as a newspaper correspondent and in 1927 and 1929 as a tourist.

LECTURES

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Friday, November 10
EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
"What is a Revolution and Who Participates in it?"

Sunday, November 12
JOHN ERSKINE
"Shall We Be Civilized?"

Tuesday, November 14
PROFESSOR MORRIS R. COHEN
"Science and the Modern Spirit."

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Nov. 11th's subject: The Theatre.

BOOKS

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